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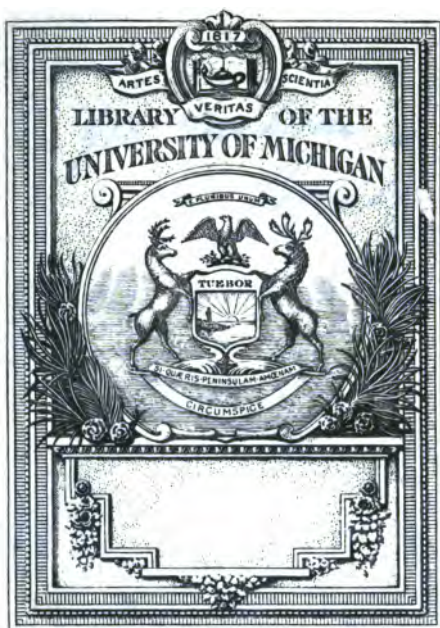
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Haliburton, Thomas Chandler

THE ATTACHÉ;

OR,

SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE CLOCKMAKER; OR, SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAM SLICK,"
&c. &c. &c.

*Duplex libelli dos est; quod risum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.*

SECOND AND LAST SERIES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
THE PLEASURES OF HOPE . . .	1

CHAPTER II.

DON'T I LOOK PALE . . .	20
-------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

THE COLONIAL OFFICE . . .	40
---------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

BARNEY OXMAN AND THE DEVIL . . .	55
----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

REPUDIATION . . .	73
-------------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

THE BACKLOG, OR COOLNESS . . .	90
--------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.

MARRIAGE . . .	96
----------------	----

	PAGE
CHAPTER VIII.	
PAYING AND RETURNING VISITS . . .	109
CHAPTER IX.	
THE CANADIAN EXILE.—PART I. . .	127
CHAPTER X.	
THE CANADIAN EXILE.—PART II. . .	141
CHAPTER XI.	
WATERING PLACES . . .	153
CHAPTER XII.	
THE EARL OF TUNBRIDGE . . .	178
CHAPTER XIII.	
ENGLISH GENTLEMEN . . .	190
CHAPTER XIV.	
ENGLISH NIGGERS . . .	207
CHAPTER XV.	
INDEPENDENCE . . .	227
CHAPTER XVI.	
THE EBB TIDE . . .	241
CHAPTER XVII.	
EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY . . .	256
CHAPTER XVIII.	
PARTING SCENE . . .	272
CHAPTER XIX.	
VALEDICTORY ADDRESS . . .	286

THE ATTACHÈ;

OR,

SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

TO-DAY we witnessed the interment of Thomas Campbell, the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. Owing to some mismanagement in the arrangements, a great part of the friends of the deceased did not arrive until the service was nearly half over, which enabled us, who were very early in the Abbey, to obtain a good

VOL. II.

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position within the barriers. Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Argyle, Lord Brougham, and a great number of noblemen and statesmen, were present to do honour to his remains, while the service was read by Mr. Milman—himself a distinguished poet. For a long time after the ceremony was over, and the crowd had dispersed, we remained in the Abbey examining the monuments, and discoursing of the merits or the fortunes of those whose achievements had entitled them to the honour of being laid with the great and the good of past ages, in this national temple of Fame. Our attention was soon arrested by an exclamation of Mr. Slick.

“Hullo!” said he, “how the plague did this feller get here? Why, Squire, as I’m a livin’ sinner, here’s a colonist! what crime did he commit that they took so much notice of him? ‘Sacred to the memory of William Wragg, Esq., of

South Carolina, who, when the American colonies revolted from Great Britain, inflexibly maintained his loyalty to the person and government of his Sovereign, and was therefore compelled to leave his distressed family and ample fortune.' Oh Lord! I thought it must have been some time before the flood, for loyalty in the colonies is at a discount now; its a bad road to preferment, I can tell you. Agitation, bullyin' governors, shootin' down sogers, and rebellin' is the passport now-a-days. Them were the boys Durham and Thompson honoured;—all the loyal old cocks, all them that turned out and fought and saved the country, got a cold shoulder for their officiousness. But they are curious people is the English; they are like Deacon Flint,—he never could see the pint of a good thing till it was too late. Sometimes arter dinner he'd bust out a larfin' like anything, for

all the world as if he was a born fool, seemin'ly at nothin', and I'd say, 'why, Deacon, what maggot's bit you now?' 'I was larfin', he'd say, 'at that joke of your'n this mornin'; I didn't take jist then, but I see it now.' 'Me!' sais I, 'why, *what* did I say, it's so long ago I forget!' 'Why,' sais he, 'don't you mind we was a-talkin' of them two pirates the jury found not guilty, and the court turned *loose* on the town; you said it was all right, for they was *loose characters*. Oh! I see it *now*, it was rael jamthat.' 'Oh!' sais I, not overly pleased nother, for a joke, like an egg, is never no good 'xcept it's fresh laid,—is it?

"Well, the English are like the old Deacon; they don't see a man's merit till he's dead, and then they wake up all of a sudden and say, 'Oh! we must honour this feller's skeleton,' and Peel, and Brougham, and all the dons, go and

play pall-bearers to it, stand over his grave, look sentimental, and attitudinize a few; and when I say to 'em you hadn't ought to have laid him right a'top of old Dr. Johnson—for he hated Scotchmen so like old Scratch; if he was to find it out he'd kick strait up on eend, and throw him off; they won't larf, but give me a look, as much as to say, Westminster Abbey aint no place to joke in. Jist as if it warn't a most beautiful joke to see these men, who could have done ever so much for the poet in his life-time, when it could have done him good—but who never even so much as held out a finger to him, except in a little matter not worth havin',—now he is dead, start up all at once and patronize his body and bones when it can't do him one mossel of good. Oh! they are like Deacon Flint, they understand when it's too late.

“Poor old Tom Campbell, there was some pleasures of hope that he never sot down in his book, I know. He hoped—as he had charmed and delighted the nation, and given 'em another ondyin' name, to add to their list of poets, to crack and to brag of—he'd a had a recompense at least in some government appointment that would have cheered and soothed his old age, and he was disappointed, that's all: and that's the pleasures of hope, Squire, eh? He hoped that fame, which he had in his life, would have done him some good in his life—didn't he? Well, he lived on that hope till he died, and that didn't disappoint him; for how can a feller say he is disappointed by a thing he has lived on all his days? and that's the Pleasures of Hope.

“He hoped, in course, Peel would be a patron of poets—and so he is, he

acts as a pall-bearer, 'cause as soon as the pall is over him, he'd never bother him, nor any other minister no more. Oh! 'Hope told a flatterin' tale;' but all flatterers are liars. Peel has a princely fortune, and a princely patronage, and is a prince of a feller; but there is an old sayin', 'Put not your trust in Princes.' If poor Tom was alive and kickin', I'd tell him who to put his trust in—and that's Bentley. He is the only patron worth havin', that's a fact. He does it so like a gentleman: 'I have read the poem, Mr. Campbell, you were so kind as to indulge me with the perusal of; if you would permit me to favour the world with a sight of it, I shall have great pleasure in placin' a cheque for two thousand guineas in your banker's hands.'

"Oh! that's the patron. The great have nothin' but smiles and bows, Bentley

has nothin' but the pewter—and that's what I like to drink my beer out of. Secretaries of State are cattle it's pretty hard to catch in a field and put a bridle on, I can tell you. No, they have nothin' but smiles, and it requires to onderstand the language of smiles, for there are all sorts of them, and they all speak a different tongue.

“ I have seen five or six of them secretaries, and Spring Rice, to my mind, was the toploftiest boy of 'em all. Oh! he was the boy to smile; he could put his whole team on sometimes if he liked, and run you right off the road. Whenever he smiled very gracious, followed you to the door, and shook you kindly by the hand, and said,—call again, your flint was fixed; you never seed him no more. Kind-hearted crittur, he wanted to spare you the pain of a refusal, and bein' a little coquettish he puts his pret-

tiest smile on as you was never to meet agin, to leave a favourable impression behind him; they all say—call agin: Bentley, never! No *pleasures of hope with him*; he *is* a patron, he don't wait for the pall.

“Peel, sportsman-like, is in at the death; Bentley comes with the nurse, and is in at the birth. There is some use in such a patron as that. Ah! poor Campbell! he was a poet, a good poet, a beautiful poet! He knowed all about the world of imagination, and the realms of fancy; but he didn't know nothin' at at all about this world of our'n, or of the realm of England, or he never would have talked of the 'Pleasures of Hope' for an author. Lord bless you! let a dancin' gal come to the opera, jump six foot high, 'light on one toe, hold up the other so high you can see her stays a'most, and then spin round like a daddy-

long legs that's got one foot caught in a taller candle, and go spinnin' round arter that fashion for ten minits, it will touch Peel's heart in a giffy. This spinnin' jinny will be honored by the highest folks in the land, have diamond rings, goold snuff-boxes, and pusses of money given her, and gracious knows what.

"Let Ginerall Tom Thumb come to London that's two foot nothin', and the Kentucky boy that's eight foot somethin', and see how they will be patronised, and what a sight of honor they will have. Let Van Amburg come with his lion, make him open his jaws, and then put his head down his throat and pull it out, and say, 'What a brave boy am I!' and kings and queens, and princes and nobles will come and see him, and see his lion feed too. Did any on 'em ever come to see Campbell feed? he was a great

lion this many a long day. Oh dear! he didn't know nothin', that's a fact; he thought himself a cut above them folks: it jist showed how much he know'd. Fine sentiments! Lord, who cares for them!

"Do you go to Nova Scotia now, and begin at Cape Sable, and travel all down to Cape Canso,—the whole length of the province, pick out the two best lines from his 'Hope,' and ask every feller you meet, 'did you ever hear these?' and how many will you find that has seen 'em, or heerd tell of 'em? Why a few gals that's sentimental, and a few boys that's a-courtin', spooney-like, that's all.

"But ax 'em this, 'Master, if that house cost five hundred dollars, and a barrel of nails five dollars, what would a good sizeable pig come to?—do you give it up?' Well, he'd come to a bushel of corn. Every man, woman, and child

would tell you they heerd the clown say that to the circus, and that they mind they larfed ready to kill themselves. Grinnin' pays better nor rhyming, and ticklin' the ribs with fingers pleases folks more, and makes 'em larf more, than ticklin' their ears with varses—that's a fact.

"I guess, when Campbell writ 'The Mariners of England,'—that will live till the Britisher's sailors get whipped by us so they will be ashamed to sing it—he thought himself great shakes; heavens and airth! he warn't harf so big as Tom Thumb—he was jist nothin'. But let some foreign hussey, whose skin aint clear, and whose character aint clear, and whose debts aint clear, and who hante nothin' clear about her but her voice, let her come and sing that splendid song that puts more ginger into sailors than grog or prize money, or any-

thin', and Lord! all the old admirals and flag-officers, and yacht-men and others that do onderstand, and all the lords and ladies and princes, that don't onderstand where the springs are in that song, that touch the chords of the heart,—all on 'em will come and worship a'most; and some young Duke or another will fancy he is a young Jupiter, and come down in a shower of gold a'most for her, while the poet has 'The Pleasures of Hope' to feed on. Oh! I envy him, glorious man, I envy him his great reward; it was worth seventy years of 'hope,' was that funeral.

"He was well repaid—Peel held a string of the pall, Brougham came and said 'how damn cold the Abbey is:' the Duke of Argyle, Scotchman-like, rubbed his back agin Roubilliac's statue of his great ancestor, and thought it was a pity he hadn't migrated to Prince Edward's

Island; D'Israeli said he was one of the 'Curiosities of Literature;' while Macaulay, who looks for smart things, said, 'Poor fellow, this was always the object of his ambition; it was his 'hope beyond the grave.' "

"Silence, sir," said Mr. Hopewell, with more asperity of manner than I ever observed in him before; "Silence, sir. If you will not respect yourself, respect, at least, the solemnity of the place in which you stand. I never heard such unworthy sentiments before; though they are just what might be expected from a pedlar of clocks. You have no ideas beyond those of dollars and cents, and you value fame as you would a horse, by what it will fetch in ready money. Your observations on the noblemen and gentlemen who have done themselves honor this day, as well as the Poet, by taking a part in this sad ceremony, are

both indecent and unjust ; while your last remark is absolutely profane. I have every reason to believe, sir, that he had ‘a hope beyond the grave.’ All his writings bear the stamp of a mind strongly imbued with the pure spirit of religion : he must himself have felt ‘the hope beyond the grave’ to have described it as he has done ; it is a passage of great beauty and sublimity.

‘Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade,—
When all the sister planets have decay’d ;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven’s last thunder shakes the world below ;
Thou undismay’d, shalt o’er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature’s funeral pile.’

“We have both done wrong to-day, my son ; you have talked flippantly and irreverently, and I have suffered my temper to be agitated in a very unbecoming manner ; and that, too, in consecrated

ground, and in the house of the Lord. I am not disposed to remain here just now—let us depart in peace—give me your arm, my son, and we will discourse of other things.”

When we returned to our lodgings, Mr. Slick, who felt hurt at the sharp rebuke he had received from Mr. Hopewell, recurred again to the subject.

“That was one of the old man’s crotchets to-day, Squire,” he said; “he never would have slipt off the handle that way, if that speech of Macaulay’s hadn’t a-scared him like, for he is as skittish as a two-year-old, at the least sound of such a thing. Why, I have heerd him say himself, the lot of a poet was a hard one, over and over again; and that the world let them fust starve to death, and then built monuments to ’em that cost more money than would have made ’em comfortable all their born days.

Many and many a time, when he used to make me say over to him as a boy ‘Gray’s Elegy,’ he’d say, ‘Ah! poor man, he was neglected till attention came too late.—When he was old and infirm, and it could do him no good, they made him a professor in some college or another;’ and then he’d go over a whole string—Mason, Mickle, Burns, and I don’t know who all, for I aint much of a bookster, and don’t recollect;—and how often I’ve heerd him praise our Government for makin’ Washington Irvin’ an ambassador, and say what an example we sot to England, by such a noble spontaneous act as that, in honorin’ letters. I feel kinder hurt at the way he took me up, but I’ll swear I’m right arter all. In matters and things of this world, I won’t give up my opinion to him nor no body else. Let some old gineral or admiral do something or another that

only requires the courage of a bull, and no sense, and they give him a pension, and right off the reel make him a peer. Let some old field-officer's wife, go fol-lerin' the army away back in Indgy further than is safe or right for a woman to go,—git taken pris'ner, give a horrid sight of trouble to the army to git her back, and for this great service to the nation she gits a pension of five hundred pounds a-year. But let some misfortunate devil of an author do—what only one man in a century can, to save his soul alive, write a book that will live—a thing that *does* show the perfection of human mind, and what do they do here?—let his body live on the “Pleasures of Hope” all the days of his life, and his name live afterwards on a cold white marble in Westminster Abbey. They be hanged—the whole bilin' of them—them and their trumpery proces-

sion too, and their paltry patronage of standin' by a grave, and sayin', 'Poor Campbell!'

" *Who the devil cares for a monument, that actilly desarves one?* He has built one that will live when that are old Abbey crumbles down, and when all them that thought they was honorin' him are dead and forgotten; his monument was built by his own brains, and his own hands, and the inscription aint writ in Latin nor Greek, nor any other dead language, nother, but in a livin' language, and one too that will never die out now, seein' our great nation uses it—and here it is—

'The Pleasures of Hope, by Thomas Campbell.'

CHAPTER II.

DON'T I LOOK PALE? OR, THE IRON GOD.

MR. SLICK having as usual this morning boasted of the high society he mingled with the preceding evening, and talked with most absurd familiarity, of several distinguished persons, very much to the delight of his father, and the annoyance of Mr. Hopewell, the latter at last interrupted him with some very judicious advice. He told him he had observed the change that had come over him lately with very great regret; that he was altogether in a false position and acting an unnatural and absurd part.

“As a Republican,” he said, “it is expected that you should have the simplicity and frankness of manner becoming one, and that your dress should not be that of a courtier, but in keeping with your character. It is well known here that you were not educated at one of our universities, or trained to official life, and that you have risen to it like many others of our countrymen, by strong natural talent. To assume, therefore, the air and dress of a man of fashion is quite absurd, and if persisted in will render you perfectly ridiculous. Any little errors you may make in the modes of life will always be passed over in silence, so long as you are natural; but the moment they are accompanied by affectation, they become targets for the shafts of satire.

“A little artificial manner may be tolerated in a very pretty woman, because great allowance is to be made for female

vanity; but in a man it is altogether insufferable. Let your conversation therefore be natural, and as to the fashion of your dress take the good old rule—

‘Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.’

In short be Sam Slick.”

“Don’t be afeerd, Minister,” said Mr. Slick, “I have too much tact for that. I shall keep the channel, and avoid the bars and shallows, I know. I never boast at all. Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better one. I never talk of society I never was in, nor never saw but once, and that by accident. I have too much sense for that; but I *am* actilly in the first circles here, quite at home in ’em, and in speaking of ’em. I am only talkin’ of folks I meet every day, see every day, and jaw with every day. I am part and parsel of ’em. Now risin’ sudden here aint a bit stranger than men risin’ with

us. It's done every day, for the door is wide open here; the English aint doomed to stand still and vegitate like cabbages, I can tell you; it's only colonists like Squire there, that are forced to do that. Why, they'll tell you of a noble whose grandfather was this, and another whose grandfather was that small beer; of one who was sired by a man that was born in our old Boston, and another whose great-grandfather was a farmer on Kenebec river, and if the family had remained colonists would have been snakin' logs with an ox-team to the Bangor mills, instead of being a minister for all the colonies, as he was not long ago. No, catch me a crackin' and a braggin' for nothin', and then tell me of it. I'm not a-goin' to ask every feller I meet, 'Don't I look pale?' like Soloman Figg, the tailor to St. John, New Brunswick—him they called the 'Iron God.'"

"Oh, oh, Sam!" said Mr. Hopewell, lifting up both hands, "that was very profane; don't tell the story if there's any irreverence in it, any flippancy, any thing, in short, at all unbecoming. That is not a word to be used in vain."

"Oh never fear, Minister, there is nothin' in the story to shock you; if there was, I'm not the boy to tell it to any one, much less to you, sir."

"Very well, very well, tell the story then if it's harmless, but leave that word out when you can, that's a good soul!"

"Soloman Figg was the crittur that give rise to that sayin' all over New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, 'Don't I look pale?' and I calculate it never will die there. Whenever they see an important feller a-struttin' of it by, in tip top dress, tryin' to do a bit of fine, or hear a crittur a-braggin' of great men's acquaintance, they jist puts their finger

to their nose, gives a wink to one another, and say, 'Don't I look pale?' Oh, it's grand! But I believe I'll begin at the beginnin', and jist tell you both stories about Soloman Figg.

"Soloman was a tailor, whose tongue ran as fast as his needle, and for sewin' and talkin' perhaps there warn't his equal to be found nowhere. His shop was a great rondivoo for folks to talk politics in, and Soloman was an out-and-out Radical. They are ungrateful skunks are English Radicals, and ingratitude shews a bad heart: and in my opinion to say a feller's a Radical, is as much as to say he's everything that's bad. I'll tell you what's observed all over England, that them that make a fortin out of gentlemen, as soon as they shut up shop turn round, and become Radicals and oppose them. Radicalism is like that Dutch word Spitzbube. It's every-

thing bad biled down to an essence. Well, Soloman was a Radical—he was agin the Church, because he had no say in the appointment of the parsons, and couldn't bully them. He was agin lawyers 'cause they took fees from him when they sued him. He was agin judges 'cause they rode their circuits and didn't walk. He was agin the governor 'cause the governor didn't ask him to dine. He was agin the admiral 'cause pursers had ready-made clothes for sailors, and didn't buy them at his shop. He was agin the army 'cause his wife ran off with a sodger—the only good reason he ever had in his life; in short, he was agin every thing and every body.

“Well, Soloman's day came at last, for every dog has his day in this world. Responsible government came, things got turned upside down, and Soloman turned up, and was made a magistrate of. Well,

there was a Carolina refugee, one Captain Nestor Biggs, lived near him, an awful feller to swear, most o' those refugees were so, and he feared neither God nor man.

"He was a sneezer of a sinner was Captain Nestor, and always in law for everlastin'. He spent his whole pension in Court, folks said. Nestor went to Soloman, and told him to issue a writ agin a man. It was Soloman's first writ, so sais he to himself, 'I'll write fust afore I sue; writin's civil, and then I can charge for letter and writ too, and I'm always civil when I'm paid for it. Mother did right to call me Soloman, didn't she?' Well, he wrote the letter, and the man that got it didn't know what under the sun to make of it. This was the letter—

" 'Sir, if you do not return to Captain Nestor Biggs, the Iron God of his, now

in your possession, I shall sue you. Pos is the word. Given under my hand, Soloman Figg, one of her most gracious Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the County of St. John.'

"Radicals are great hands for all the honors themselves, tho' they won't ginn none to others. 'Well,' sais the man to himself, 'what on airth does this mean?' So off he goes to the church parson to read it for him.

" 'Dear me,' sais he, 'this is awful; what is this? I by itself, I-r-o-n—Iron, G-o-d—God. Yes, it is Iron God!—Have you got such a graven image?'

" 'Me,' sais the man, 'No; I never heard of such a thing.'

" 'Dear, dear,' sais the parson, 'I always knew the Captain was a wicked man, a horrid wicked man, but I didn't think he was an idolater. I thought he was too sinful to worship any thing,

even an iron idol. What times we live in, let's go to the Captain.'

"Well, off they sot to the Captain, and when he heerd of this graven image, he swore and raved—so the parson put a finger in each ear, and ran round the room, screamin' like a stuck pig. 'I'll tell you what it is, old boy,' says the Captain, a-rippin' out some most awful smashers, 'if you go on kickin' up such a row here, I'll stop your wind for you double-quick, so no mummery, if you please. Come along with me to that scoundrel, Soloman Figg, and I'll make him go down on his knees, and beg pardon. What the devil does he mean by talkin' of iron idols, I want to know.'

"Well, they went into Soloman's house, and Soloman, who was sittin' straddle-legs on a counter, a-sewin' away for dear life, jumps down in a minit, ons shoes and coat, and shows 'em into his office, which

was jist opposite to his shop. 'Read that, sir,' sais the Captain, lookin' as fierce as a tiger; 'read that, you everlastin' radical scoundrel! did you write that infamous letter?' Soloman takes it, and reads it all over, and then hands it back, lookin' as wise as an owl. 'Its all right,' sais he. 'Right,' sais the Captain, and he cought him by the throat. 'What do you mean by my "Iron God," sir? what do you mean by that, you infernal libellin', rebel rascal?' 'I never said it,' said Soloman. 'No, you never said it, but you wrote it.' 'I never wrote it; no, nor I never heerd of it.' 'Look at these words,' said the Captain, 'did you write them?' 'Well, well,' sais Soloman, 'they do spell alike, too, don't they; they are the identical same letters G-o-d, dog; I have spelt it backwards, that's all; it's the iron dog, Captain; you know what that is,—don't you, Squire; it is an iron

wedge sharpened at one eend; and havin' a ring in it at t'other. It's drove into the butt eend of a log, an' a chain is hooked to the ring, and the cattle drag the log eend-ways by it on the ground; it is called an iron dog.' Oh, how the Captain swore!"

"Well," said the Minister, "never mind repeating his oaths; he must have been an ignorant magistrate indeed not to be able to spell dog."

"He was a Radical magistrate of the Jack Frost school, sir," said Mr. Slick. The Liberals have made magistrates to England not a bit better nor Soloman, I can tell you. Well, they always called him arter that the Iron G——."

"Never mind what they called him," said Mr. Hopewell: "but what is the story of looking pale, for there is a kind of something in that last one that I don't exactly like? There are words in it that

shock me; if you could tell the story without them, it is not a bad story; tell us the other part."

"Well, you know, as I was a-sayin', when responsible government came to the Colonies, it was like the Reform bile to England, stirring up the pot, and a-settin' all a-fermentin', set a good deal of scum a floatin' on the top of it. Among the rest, Soloman, being light and frothy, was about as buoyant as any. When the House of Assembly met to Fredericton, up goes Soloman, and writes his name on the book at Government House—Soloman Figg, J.P. Down comes the Sargent with a card, quick as wink, for the Governor's ball that night. Soloman warn't a bad lookin' feller at all; and bein' a tailor, in course he had his clothes well made; and, take him altogether, he was jist a leetle nearer the notch than one half of the members was, for

most on 'em was from the country, and looked a nation sight more like Caraboos than legislators; indeed the nobbs about Fredericton always call them Caraboos.

“ Well, his tongue wagged about the limberest you ever see; his head was turned, so he talked to every one; and at supper he eat and drunk as if he never see vittals afore since he was weaned. He made a great night of it. Our Consul told me he thought he should have died a larfin' to see him: he talked about the skirts of the country, and the fork of the river, and button-hole connections, and linin' his stomach well, and basting the Yankees, and everything but cabbaging. No man ever heerd a tailor use that word, any more than they ever see a Jew eat pork. Oh! he had a reg'lar lark of it, and his tongue ran like a mill-wheel, whirlin' and sputterin' like anythin'. The officers of the ——

regiment that was stationed there took him for a member of Assembly, and seein' he was a character, had him up to the mess to dine next day.

"Soloman was as amazed as if he was jist born. 'Heavens and airth!' said he, 'responsible government is a great thin' too, aint it. Here am I to Government House with all the big bugs and their ladies, and upper crust folks, as free and easy as an old glove. To-day I dine with the officers of the ——— regiment, the most aristocratic regiment we ever had in the Province. I wish my father had put me into the army; I'd rather wear a red coat than make one any time. One thing is certain, if responsible government lasts long, we shall all rise to be gentlemen, or else all gentlemen must come down to the level of tailors, and no mistake; one coat will fit both. Dinin' at a mess, eh! Well, why not? I can

make as good a coat as Buckmaster any day.'

" Well, Soloman was rather darnted at fust by the number of sarvants, and the blaze of uniform coats, and the horrid difficult cookery; but champagne strengthened his eyesight, for every one took wine with him, till he saw so clear he strained his eyes; for they grew weaker and weaker arter the right focus was passed, till he saw things double. Arter dinner they adjourned into the barrack-room of one of the officers, and there they had a game of ' Here comes I, Jack upon hips.'

" The youngsters put Soloman, who had a famous long back, jist at the right distance, and then managed to jump jist so as to come right on him, and they all jumbed on him, and down he'd smash with the weight; then they'd banter him for not bein' game, place him up agin in line, jump on him, and smash him down

agin till he could not hold out no longer. Then came hot whisky toddy, and some screechin' songs; and Soloman sung, and the officers went into fits, for he sung such splendid songs; and then his health was drunk, and Soloman made a speech. He said, tho' he had a '*stich*' in the side from laughin', and was '*sewed up*' a'most too much to speak, and was afraid he'd '*rip out*' what he hadn't ought, yet their kindness had '*tied*' him as with '*list*' to them for '*the remnant*' of his life, and years would never '*sponge*' it out of his heart.

"They roared and cheered him so, a kinder confused him, for he couldn't re-collect nothin' arter that, nor how he got to the inn; but the waiter told him four sodgers carried him in on a shutter. Next day, off Soloman started in the steam-boat for St. John. The officers had took him for a member of Assembly, and axed him

jist to take a rise out of him. When they larned the mistake, and that it was ready-made Figg, the tailor, they had been makin' free with, they didn't think it was half so good a joke as it was afore; for they seed one half of the larf was agin them, and only t'other half agin Soloman. They never tell the story now; but Soloman did and still does like a favorite air with variations. As soon as he got back to St. John, he went about to every one he knew, and said, 'Don't I look pale?' 'Why no, I can't say you do.' 'Well, I feel used up enough to look so, I can tell you. I'm ashamed to say I've been horrid dissipated lately. I was at Government House night before last.'

" 'You at Government House?' 'Me! to be sure; is there anything strange in that, seeing that the family compact is gone, the Fredericton clique broke up, and

'sponsible governments come? Yes, I was to Government House—it was such an agreeable party; I believe I staid too late, and made too free at supper, for I had a headache next day. Sad dogs them officers of the —— regiment; they are too gay for me. I dined there yesterday at their mess; a glorious day we had of it—free and easy—all gentlemen—no damn starch airs, sticking themselves up for gentlemen, but rael good fellers. I should have gone home arter mess, but there's no gettin' away from such good company. They wouldn't take *no* for an answer; nothin' must serve them but I must go to Captain ——'s room. 'Pon honor, 'twas a charming night. Jack upon hips—whisky speeches, songs and whisky again, till I could hardly reach home. Fine fellers those of the —— regiment, capital fellers; no nonsense about them; had their shell jackets

on; a stylish thing them shell jackets, and not so formal as full dress nother. What a nice feller Lord Fetter Lane is; easy excited, a *thimble* full does it, but it makes him as sharp as a *needle*.'

"Then he'd go on till he met another friend; he'd put on a doleful face, and say, 'Don't I look pale?' 'Well, I think you do; what's the matter?' and then he'd up and tell the whole story, till it got to be a by-word. Whenever any one sees a feller now a-doin' big, or or a-talkin' big, they always say, 'Don't I look pale?' as ready-made Figg said.

"Now, Minister, I am not like Solomon, I've not been axed by mistake, I'm not talkin' of what I don't know; so don't be afeerd, every one knows me; tante necessary for me, when I go among the toploftiest of the nation, to run about town the next day, sayin' to every man I meet, 'Don't I look pale?'"

CHAPTER III.

THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

THE last three days were devoted to visiting the various mad-houses and lunatic asylums in London and its vicinity. In this tour of inspection we were accompanied by Dr. Spun, a distinguished physician of Boston, and an old friend of Mr. Hopewell's. After leaving Bedlam, the Doctor, who was something of a humorist, said there was one on a larger scale which he wished to show us, but declined giving the name until we should arrive at it, as he wished to surprise us.

Our curiosity was, of course, a good

deal excited by some vague allusions he made to the condition of the inmates; when he suddenly ordered the carriage to stop, and conducting us to the entrance of a court, said, "Here is a pile of buildings which the nation has devoted to the occupation of those whose minds having been engrossed during a series of years by politics, are supposed to labour under monomania. "All these folks," he said, "imagine themselves to be governing the world, and the only cure that has been discovered is, to indulge them in their whim. They are permitted to form a course of policy, which is submitted to a body of persons chosen for the express purpose, who either approve or reject it, according as it appears more or less sane, and who furnish or withhold the means of carrying it out, as they see fit.

"Each man has a department given

to him, filled with subordinates, who, though not always the best qualified, are always in their right mind, and who do the working part of the business ; the board of delegates, and of superior clerks, while they indulge them in their humor, as far as possible, endeavour to extract the mischievous part from every measure. They are, therefore, generally harmless, and are allowed to go at large, and there have been successive generations of them for centuries. Sometimes they become dangerous, and then the board of delegates pass a vote of 'want of confidence' in them, and they are all removed, and other imbeciles are substituted in their place, when the same course of treatment is pursued."

"Is a cure often effected?" said Mr. Hopewell.

"Not very often ;" said the Doctor,

“ they are considered as the most difficult to cure of any insane people, politics having so much of excitement in them ; but now and then you hear of a man being perfectly restored to health, abandoning his ruling passion of politics, and returning to his family, and devoting himself to rural or to literary pursuits, an ornament to society, or a patron to its institutions. Lately, the whole of the inmates became so dangerous, from some annoyances they received, that the whole country was alarmed, and every one of them was removed from the buildings.

“ In this Asylum it has been found that harsh treatment only aggravates the disease. Compliance with the whim of patients soothes and calms the mind, and diminishes the nervous excitement. Lord Glencoe, for instance, was here not long since, and imagined he was

governing all the colonies. Constant indulgence very soon operated on his brain like a narcotic; he slept nearly all the time, and when he awoke, his attendant, who affected to be first clerk, used to lay before him despatches, which he persuaded him he had written himself, and gravely asked him to sign them: he was very soon permitted to be freed from all restraint. Lord Palmerstaff imagined himself the admiration of all the women in town, he called himself Cupid, spent half the day in bed, and the other half at his toilet; wrote all night about Syria, Boundary line, and such matters; or else walked up and down the room, conning over a speech for Parliament, which he said was to be delivered at the end of the session. Lord Wallgrave fancied he was the devil, and that the Church and the Bench were conspiring against him, and punishing his dearest

friends and supporters, so he was all day writing out pardons for felons, orders for opening jails, and retaining prisoners, or devising schemes for abolishing parsons, making one bishop do the work of two, and so on. Lord M ——”

Here the words “Downing Street” caught my eye, as designating the place we were in, which I need not say contains the government offices, and among others, the Colonial Office. “This, I said, “is very well for you, Dr. Spun, as an American, to sport as a joke, but it is dangerous ground for me, as a colonist and a loyal man, and therefore, if you please, we will drop the allegory. If you apply your remark to all government offices, in all countries, there may be some truth in it, for I believe all politicians to be more or less either so warped by party feeling, by selfishness, or prejudices, that

their minds are not altogether truly balanced; but I must protest against its restriction to the English government alone, as distinguished from others."

"I know nothing about any of their offices," said Mr. Hopewell, "but the Colonial office; and that certainly requires re-construction. The interests of the colonies are too vast, too various, and too complicated, to be intrusted to any one man, however transcendent his ability, or persevering his industry, or extensive his information may be. Upon the sudden dissolution of a government a new colonial minister is appointed: in most cases he has everything to learn, having never had his attention drawn to this branch of public business, during the previous part of his political life; if this happens unfortunately to be the case, he never can acquire a thorough knowledge of his department, for dur-

ing the whole of his continuance in office, his attention is distracted by various government measures of a general nature, which require the attention of the whole cabinet. The sole qualification that now exists for this high office is parliamentary influence, talent, and habits of business; but none of them separately, nor all of them collectively, are sufficient. Personal and practical experience, for a series of years, of the people, and the affairs of the colonies, is absolutely indispensable to a successful discharge of duty.

“How many persons who have held this high office were either too indolent to work themselves, or too busy to attend to their duties, or too weak, or too wild in their theories, to be entrusted with such heavy responsibilities? Many, when they acted for themselves, have acted wrong, from these causes; and when

they allowed others to act for them have raised a subordinate to be a head of the office whom no other persons in the kingdom or the colonies but themselves would have entrusted with such important matters: it is, therefore, a choice of evils; colonists have either to lament a hasty or erroneous decision of a principal, or submit to the dictation of an upper clerk, whose talents, or whose acquirements are perhaps much below that of both contending parties, whose interests are to be bound by his decision."

"How would you remedy this evil," I said, for it was a subject in which I felt deeply interested, and one on which I knew he was the most competent man living to offer advice."

"Every board," he said, "must have a head, and according to the structure of the machinery of this government I would still have a Secretary of State

for the Colonies; but instead of under secretaries, I would substitute a board of controul, or council, whichever board best suited, of which board he should be *ex-officio* President. If it is thought necessary, even in a colony, where a man can both hear, and see, and judge for himself, to surround a governor with a council, how much more necessary is it to afford that assistance to a man who never saw a colony, and, until he accepted office, probably never heard of half of them, or if he has heard of them, is not quite certain even as to their geographic situation. It is natural that this obvious necessity should not have presented itself to a minister before: it is a restraint on power, and therefore not acceptable. He is not willing to trust his governors, and therefore gives them a council; he is then unwilling to trust both, and reserves the right to approve or reject their

acts in certain cases. *He* thinks *them* incompetent; but who ever supposed *he* was competent? If the resident governor, aided by the best and wisest heads in a colony, advised, checked, and sounded by local public opinion, is not equal to the task, how can a Lancashire or Devonshire Member of Parliament be? Ask the weak or the vain, or the somnolent ones, whom I need not mention by name, and they will severally tell you it is the easiest thing in the world; we understand the principles, and our under secretaries understand the details; the only difficulty we have is in the ignorance, prejudice, and rascality of colonists themselves. Go and ask the present man, who is the most able, the most intelligent, the most laborious and eloquent one of them all, if there is any difficulty in the task to a person who sedulously strives to understand, and honestly en-

deavours to remedy colonial difficulties, and hear what he will tell you.

“ ‘ How can you ask *me* that question, sir? When did you ever call and find me absent from my post? Read my despatches and you will see whether I work: study them and you will see whether I understand. I may not always judge rightly, but I endeavour always to judge honestly. You inquire whether there is any difficulty in the task. Can you look in my face and ask that question? Look at my care-worn brow, my hectic eye, my attenuated frame, my pallid face, and my premature age, and let them answer you. Sir, the labour is too great for any one man: the task is Herculean. Ambition may inspire, and fame may reward; but it is death alone that weaves the laurel round the brow of a successful colonial minister.’

“ No, my good friend, it cannot be:

No one man can do the work. If he attempts it he must do it badly; if he delegates it, it were better left undone: there should be a board of controul or council. This board should consist in part of ex-governors and colonial officers of English appointment, and in part of retired members of assembly or legislative councillors, or judges, or secretaries, or other similar functionaries, being *native* colonists. All of them should have served in public life a certain number of years, and all should be men who have stood high in public estimation, not as popular men (for that is no test), but for integrity, ability, and knowledge of the world. With such a council, so constituted, and so composed, you would never hear of a Governor-General dictating the despatches that were to be sent to him, as is generally reported in Canada, with or without foundation, of

Poulett Thompson. One of the best governed countries in the world is India; but India is not governed in Downing Street. Before responsible government can be introduced there, it must receive the approbation of practical men, conversant with the country, deeply interested in its welfare, and perfectly competent to judge of its merits. India is safe from experiments; I wish you were equally secure. While your local politicians distract the attention of the public with their personal squabbles, all these important matters are lost sight of, or rather are carefully kept out of view. The only voice that is now heard is one that is raised to mislead, and not to inform; to complain without truth, to demand without right, and to obstruct without principle. Yes, you want a board of controul. Were this once established, instead of having an office in Downing

Street for the Secretary of State for the Colonies, which is all you now have, you would possess in reality what you now have nominally,—‘a Colonial Office.’ ”

CHAPTER IV.

BARNEY OXMAN AND THE DEVIL.

THE manner and conduct of Colonel Slick has been so eccentric, that for several days past I have had some apprehensions that he was not altogether *compos mentis*. His spirits have been exceedingly unequal, being at times much exhilarated, and then subject to a corresponding depression. To-day I asked his son if he knew what had brought him to England, but he was wholly at a loss, and evidently very anxious about him. "I don't know," he said, "what onder the sun fetched him here. I never heerd

a word of it till about a week afore he arrived. I then got a letter from him, but you can't make head or tail of it: here it is.

“ ‘DEAR SAM,—Guess I'll come and see you for a spell; but keep dark about it. I hante been much from home of late, and a run at grass won't hurt me I reckon. Besides, I have an idea that somethin' may turn up to advantage. At any rate, it's worth looking after. All I want is proof, and then I guess I wouldn't call old Hickory, or Martin Van, no nor Captain Tyler nother, my cousin. My farm troubles me, for a farm and a wife soon run wild if left alone long. Barney Oxman has a considerable of a notion for it, and Barney is a good farmer, and no mistake; bu I'm most afeerd he aint the clear grit. Godward, he is very pious, but, manward, he is a little twistical. It was him that wrestled

with the evil one at Musquash Creek, when he courted that long-legged heifer, Jerusha Eells. Fast bind, sure find, is my way; and if he gets it, in course he must find security. I have had the rheumatiz lately. Miss Hubbard Hobbs, she that was Nancy Waddle, told me two teaspoonsful of brimstone, in a glass of gin, going to bed, for three nights, hand-run-nin', was the onlyest thing in natur' for it. The old catamount was right for oncet in her life, as it cured me of the rheumatiz; but it cured me of gin too. I don't think I could drink it any more for thinkin' of the horrid brimstone. It was a little the nastiest dose I ever took; still it's worth knowin'. I like simples better nor doctors' means any day. Sal made a hundred dollars by her bees, and three hundred dollars by her silk-worms, this year. It aint so coarse that, is it? But Sal is a good girl, too good for that

cussed idle fellow, Jim Munroe. What a fool I was to cut him down that time he got hung by the leg in the moose-trap you sot for him, warn't I? There is nothin' new here, except them almighty villains, the Loco Focos, have carried their man for governor; but this you will see by the papers. The wonder is what I'm going to England for; but that is my business, and not theirs. I can squat low and say nothin' as well as any one. A crittur that goes blartin' out all he knows to every one aint a man in no sense of the word. If you haven't nothin' above partikular to do, I should like you to meet me at Liverpool about the 15th of next month that is to be, as I shall feel considerable scary when I first land, seein' that I never was to England afore, and never could cleverly find my way about a large town at no time. If all eventuates right, and turns out well, it

will sartinly be the making of the Slick family, stock, lock, and barrel, that's a fact. I most forgot to tell you about old Varginy, sister of your old Clay. I depend my life on that mare. You can't ditto her nowhere. There actilly aint a a beast fit to be named on the same day with her in all this county. Well, Varginy got a most monstrous fit of the botts. If she didn't stamp and bite her sides, and sweat all over like Statiee, its a pity. She went most ravin' distracted mad with pain, and I actilly thought I'd a-lost her, she was so bad. Barney Oxman was here at the time, and sais he, I'll cure her, Colonel, if you will leave it to me. Well, sais I,—Do what you please, only I wish you'd shoot the poor crittur to put her out of pain, for I believe her latter eend has come, that's a fact. Well, what does he do, but goes and gets half a pint of hardwood ashes and pours on to it a pint

of vinegar, opens Varginy's mouth, holds on to her tongue, and puts the nose of the bottle in; and I hope I may never live another blessed minit, if it didn't shoot itself right off down her throat. Talk of a beer bottle bustin' its cork, and walkin' out quick stick, why it aint the smallest part of a circumstance to it.

“ ‘It cured her. If it warn't an *active* dose, then physic aint medecine, that's all. It made the botts lose their hold in no time. It was a wonder to behold. I believe it wouldn't be a bad thing for a man in the cholera, for that aint a bit wuss than botts, and nothin' in natur' can stand that dose—I aint sure it wouldn't bust a byler. If I had my way, I'd physic them cussed Loco Focos with it; it would drive the devil out of them, as drownin' did out of the swine that was possessed. I raised my turnips last year in my corn hills at second hoeing;

it saved labour, land, and time, and was all clear gain: it warn't a bad notion, was it? The Squash Bank has failed. I was wide awake for them; I knowed it would, so I drawed out all I had there, and kept the balance agin me. I can buy their paper ten cents to the dollar to pay with. I hope you have nothin' in the consarn. I will tell you all other news when we meet. Give my respects to Ginerel Wellington, Victoria Queen, Mr. Everett, and all inquiring friends.

Your affectionate Father,

S. SLICK, Lieut.-Col.' "

"There it is," said Mr. Slick. "He has got some crotchets or another in his head, but what, the Lord only knows. To-day, seein' he was considerable up in the stirrups, I axed him plain what it actilly was that fetched him here. He turned right round fierce on me, and

eyein' me all over, scornful like, he said, 'The Great Western, Sam, a tight good vessel, Sam—it was that fetched me over; and now you have got your answer, let me give you a piece of advice;—Ax me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies.' And he put on his hat, and walked out of the room."

"Old men," I said, "love to be mysterious. He probably came over to see you, to enjoy the spectacle of his son moving in a society to which he never could have aspired in his most visionary and castle-building days. To conceal this natural feeling, he affects a secret. Depend upon it, it is merely to pique your curiosity."

"It may be so," said Mr. Slick, shaking his head, incredulously; "it may be so, but he aint a man to pretend nothin' is father."

In order to change the conversation, which was too personal to be agreeable,

I asked him what that story of wrastling with the evil one was, to which his father hinted in his letter.

“ Oh, wrastling with the evil one,” says he, “ it aint a bad story that ; didn’t I ever tell you that frolic of ‘ Barney Oxman and the devil ? ’ ”

“ Well, there lived an old woman some years ago at Musquash Creek, in South Carolina, that had a large fortin’, and an only darter. She was a widder, a miser, and a dunker. She was very good, and very cross, as many righteous folks are, and had a loose tongue and a tight puss of her own. All the men that looked at her darter she thought had an eye to her money, and she warn’t far out o’ the way nother, for it seems as if beauty and money was too much to go together in a general way. Rich gals and handsome gals are seldom good for nothin’ else but their cash or their looks. Pears

and peaches aint often found on the same tree, I tell you. She lived all alone a'most, with nobody but her darter and her in the house, and some old nigger slaves, in a hut near hand; and she seed no company she could help. The only place they went to, in a gineral way, was meetin', and Jerusha never missed that, for it was the only chance she had sometimes to get out alone.

“Barney had a most beautiful voice, and always went there too, to sing along with the gals; and Barney, hearin' of the fortin of Miss Eells, made up to her as fierce as possible, and sung so sweet, and talked so sweet, and kissed so sweet, that he soon stood number one with the heiress. But then he didn't often get a chance to walk home with her, and when he did, she darsn't let him come in for fear of the old woman: but Barney warn't to be put off that

way long. When a gal is in one pastur', and a lover in another, it's a high fence they can't get over, that's a fact.

" 'Tell you what,' sais Barney, 'sit up alone in the keeping' room, Rushy dear, arter old mother has gone to bed, put out the light, and I'll slide down on the rope from the trap-door on the roof. Tell her you are exercised in your mind, and want to meditate alone, as the words you have heard this day have reached your heart.'

" Jerusha was frightened to death a'most, but what won't a woman do when a lover is in the way. So that very night she told the old woman she was exercised in her mind, and would wrastle with the spirit.

" 'Do, dear,' says her mother, 'and you won't think of the vanities of dress, and idle company no more. You see how I have given them all up since I

made profession, and never so much as speak of them now, no, nor even thinks of 'em.'

"Strange, Squire, aint it? But it's much easier to cheat ourselves than cheat the devil. That old hag was too stingy to buy dress, but persuaded herself it was bein' too good to wear it.

"Well, the house was a flat-roofed house, and had a trap-door in the ceilin', over the keepin' room, and there was a crane on the roof, with a rope to it, to pull up things to spread out to dry there. As soon as the lights were all out, and Barney thought the old woman was asleep, he crawls up on the house, opens the trap-door, and lets himself down by the rope, and he and Jerusha sat down into the hearth in the chimney corner courtin', or as they call it in them diggins 'sniffin' ashes.' When daylight began to shew, he went up the rope

hand over hand, hauled it up arter him, closed-to the trap-door, and made himself scarce. Well, all this went on as slick as could be for awhile, but the old woman seed that her daughter looked pale, and as if she hadn't had sleep enough, and there was no gettin' of her up in the mornin'; and when she did she was yawkin' and gapin', and so dull she hadn't a word to say.

“She got very uneasy about it at last, and used to get up in the night sometimes and call her darter, and make her go off to bed, and oncet or twice came plaguy near catching of them. So what does Barney do, but takes two niggers with him when he goes arter that, and leaves them on the roof, and fastens a large basket to the rope, and tells them if they feel the rope pulled to hoist away for dear life, but not to speak a word for the world. Well, one night the old wo-

man came to the door as usual, and sais, 'Jerusha,' sais she, 'what on airth ails you, to make you sit up all night that way; do come to bed that's a dear.' 'Presently, marm,' sais she, 'I am wrastling with the evil one, now; I'll come presently.' 'Dear, dear,' sais she, 'you have wrestled long enough with him to have throwed him by this time. If you can't throw him now, give it up, or he may throw you.' 'Presently, marm,' sais her darter. 'It's always the same tune,' sais her mother, going off grumbling;— 'it's always presently, presently;—what has got into the gal to act so. Oh, dear! what a pertracted time she has on it. She has been sorely exercised poor girl.'

"As soon as she had gone, Barney larfed so he had to put his arm round her waist to steady him on the bench, in a way that didn't look onlike rompin', and when he went to whisper he larfed so he did nothin' but touch her cheek with his lips,

in a way that looked plaguily like kissing, and felt like it too, and she pulled to get away, and they had a most reg'lar wrastle as they sat on the bench, when as luck would have it, over went the bench, and down went both on 'em on the floor with an awful smash, and in bounced the old woman,—‘Which is uppermost?’ sais she;—‘Have you throw'd Satan, or has Satan throw'd you? Speak, Rushy; speak, dear; who's throw'd?’ ‘I have throw'd him,’ sais her darter; ‘and I hope I have broke his neck, he acted so.’ ‘Come to bed, then,’ sais she, ‘darling, and be thankful; say a prayer backward, and’ —— jist then the old woman was seized round the waist, hoisted through the trap-door to the roof, and from there to the top of the crane, where the basket stopped, and the first thing she know'd she was away up ever so far in the air, swingin' in a large basket, and no soul near her.

“Barney and his niggers cut stick double quick, crept into the bushes, and went all round to the road in front of the house, just as day was breakin’. The old woman was then singin’ out for dear life, kickin’, and squealin’, and cryin’, and prayin’ all in one, properly frightened. Down runs Barney as hard as he could clip, lookin’ as innocent as if he’d never heerd nothin’ of it, and pertendin’ to be horrid frightened, offers his services, climbs up, releases the old woman, and gets blessed and thanked, and thanked and blessed till he was tired of it. ‘Oh!’ says the old woman, ‘Mr. Oxman, the moment Jerusha throw’d the evil one, the house shook like an airthquake, and as I entered the room he seized me, put me into his basket, and flew off with me. Oh, I shall never forget his fiery eye-balls, and the horrid smell of brimstone he had!’

“‘Had he a cloven foot, and a long tail?’ sais Barney. ‘I couldn’t see in the dark,’ sais she, ‘but his claws were awful sharp; oh, how they dug into my ribs! it e’en a’most took the flesh off,—oh, dear! Lord have mercy on us! I hope he is laid in the Red Sea, now.’ ‘Tell you what it is aunty,’ sais Barney, ‘that’s an awful story, keep it secret for your life; folks might say the house was harnted,—that you was possessed, and that Jerushy was in league with the evil one. Don’t so much as lisp a syllable of it to a livin’ sinner breathin’; keep the secret and I will help you.’

“The hint took, the old woman had no wish to be burnt or drown’d for a witch, *and the moment a feller has a woman’s secret he is that woman’s master.* He was invited there, stayed there, and married there; but the old woman never know’d who ‘the evil one’ was, and al-

72 BARNEY OXMAN AND THE DEVIL.

ways thought till her dyin' day it was old Scratch himself. Arter her death they didn't keep it secret no longer ; and many a good laugh has there been at the story of Barney Oxman and the Devil."

CHAPTER V.

REPUDIATION.

DURING the last week I went into Gloucestershire, for the purpose of visiting an old and much valued friend, who resides near Cirencester. In the car there were two gentlemen, both of whom were strangers to me, but we soon entered into conversation. One of them, upon ascertaining where I was from, made many anxious inquiries as to the probability of the Repudiating States ever repaying the money that had been lent to them by this country. He said he had been a great sufferer himself, but what he

regretted much more than his own loss was, that he had been instrumental in inducing several of his friends to invest largely in that sort of stock. I told him I was unable to answer the question, though I thought the prospect rather gloomy; that if, however, he was desirous of procuring accurate information, I could easily obtain it for him, as the celebrated Mr. Slick, and a very distinguished American clergyman, were now in London, to whom I would apply on the subject.

“Mr. Slick!” he said, with much surprise, “is there, then, really such a person as Sam Slick; I always thought it a fictitious character, although the man is drawn so naturally, I have never been able to divest myself of some doubts as to his reality.”

“There is,” I said, “*such a man as Mr. Slick*, and such a man as *Mr. Hopewell*, although those are not their real names;

I know the persons well. The author has drawn them from life. *Most* of the anecdotes in those books called 'The Clock-maker,' and 'Attaché,' are real ones. The travelling parts of them are fictitious, and introduced merely as threads to string the conversations on, while the reasoning and humorous parts are only such as both those persons are daily in the habit of uttering, or would have uttered if the topics were started in their presence. *Both are real characters*; both have sat for their likeness, and those who know the originals as I do, are struck with the fidelity of the portraits.

"I have often been asked the question before," I said, "if there really was such a man as 'Sam Slick,' and the author assures me that that circumstance, which has frequently occurred to him also, he considers the greatest compliment that can be paid to his work, and that it is one

of the reasons why there have been so many continuations of it."

He then asked my opinion as to the ballot; and I ridiculed it in no measured terms, as every man of experience does on both sides of the water; expressed a hope that it might never be introduced into England, to the character and feelings of whose inhabitants it was so much opposed; and bestowed on its abettors in this country some very strong epithets, denoting my contempt, both for their principles and their understanding.

At Bath he left us, and when the train proceeded, the other gentleman asked me if I knew who he was with whom I had been conversing, and on my replying in the negative, he said he took it for granted I did not, or I would have been more guarded in my language, and that he was delighted I had not known him, otherwise he would have lost a lesson which he hoped would do him good.

“That man, sir,” said he, “is one of the great advocates of the ballot here; and with the leaders of the party, has invested large sums of money in these State stocks of which he was inquiring. They thought their money must be safe in a country that had vote by ballot—for that they conceived to be a remedy for all evils. In my opinion, vote by ballot, or rather universal suffrage, another of his favourite hobbies, is one of the reasons why they have lost it. He is one of those persons to whom you are indebted for the Republicanism lately introduced into your Colonial constitutions.

“At the time Lord Durham visited Canada, the United States were swarming with labourers, cutting canals, constructing railways, opening coal mines, building towns, and forming roads. In everything was life and motion; for English capital was flowing rapidly thither

under one delusion or another for investment, and had given an unnatural stimulus to every branch of industry, and every scheme of speculation; while in Canada, which was in a healthy and sound condition, all these things were in no greater progress than the ordinary wants of the country required, or the ordinary means of the people could afford.

“The moment these visionary and insane reformers saw this contrast, instead of deploring, as all good and sensible men did, a delirious excitement that could not but soon exhaust itself, and produce a long period of inanition and weakness, they seized upon it as a proof of their favourite scheme. ‘Behold,’ they said, ‘the difference between a country that has universal suffrage and vote by ballot, responsible government and annual elections, and a British colony with a cumbrous English

constitution. One is all life, the other all torpor. One enjoys a rapid circulation that reaches to every extremity, the other suffers under a feeble pulsation barely sufficient to support life. Read in this a lesson on free institutions, and doubt who can.'

"Having talked this nonsense for a long time, they began at last, like all credulous and weak people, to believe it themselves, and invested their money, for which they had no other but their favorite security, vote by ballot. How much is the security worth?—It is worth a thousand arguments, and will be comprehended, even by those who cannot appreciate the wit or feel the force of the reasoning of Sydney Smith. But I believe we part at this station. Good bye! Sir. I am happy to have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

On my return to London, I took oc-

casion one evening, when Mr. Slick and Mr. Hopewell were present, to relate this anecdote; and, turning to the former, asked him what prospect he thought there was of these "repudiated debts" being paid. To my surprise he did not answer, and I at once perceived he was in a "brown study." Though he had not heard what I said, however, he found there was a cessation of talk, and turning to me with an absent air, and twirling his moustache between his forefinger and thumb, he said, "Can you tell me what a (jager) yaw-g-her is?"

I said, "it is a German word, and signifies a hunter. In the revolutionary war there was a regiment called Jagers."

"Ah," said he, "it's a beautiful dress they wear—very becoming—very rich. Me and the socdolager dined with one o' the royal dukes lately, and he had several in attendance as servants—devil-

ish handsome fellows they are too—I'me sorry I made that mistake, tho'—how much they look like officers and gentlemen—cussed awkward that em-yaugher—eh!—I don't know whether it's worth larnin' arter all—hem!"—and was again abstracted.

Mr. Hopewell looked at him with great concern, drew a long sigh, and shook his head, as if much distressed at his behaviour.

I renewed my enquiry, and put the same question to the Minister.

"Squire," he said, mournfully, "that is a painful subject either to contemplate or to talk upon. What they ought to do as honest men, there can be no doubt; what they will do, is less certain. I have read the correspondence between one of our citizens and Sydney Smith. Those letters of Mr. Smith, or rather Smith I should say—for he is too celebrated a

man for the appellation of "Mr."—will do more good in America than a fleet, or an ambassador, or even reprisals. We cannot stand ridicule—we are sensitively alive to European opinion, and these letters admit of but one answer—and that is, *payment*. An American is wrong in thinking of resorting to the pen. Repudiation cannot be justified—no, not even palliated. It is not insolvency, or misfortune, or temporary embarrassment, that is pleaded—it is a refusal to pay, and a refusal to pay a just debt, in public or private life, is—mince it as you will—*dishonest*. If the aged and infirm, the widow and the orphan, recover their just debts, and are restored once more to the comfort they have lost, they must never forget they are indebted to Sydney Smith for it.

"It is the first plunge that shocks the nerves. Men who have so little honour

as to repudiate a debt, have altogether too little to retract their words and be honest. But if by repudiating, they lose more than the amount they withhold, a sordid motive may induce them to do that which a sense of right is unable to effect. Smith has put those States on their trial in Europe. If they do not pay, their credit and their character are gone for ever. If they do pay, but not till then, I will furnish them with the only extenuation their conduct is susceptible of?"

"And pray what is that?" I said.

He replied, "I would reason this way; it is unfair to condemn the American people, as a nation, for the acts of a few States, or to punish a whole country for the fraudulent conduct of a part of the people. Every honest and right-minded man in our country deploras and condemns this act, as much as every

person of the same description does in Europe. When we speak of American or English honor, we speak of the same thing ; but when we speak of the honor of the American people, and of the English people, we speak of two different things, because the word people is not used in the same sense ; in one case it is understood in a restricted form, and in the other in its most extensive signification. When we speak of the honor of an European, we don't mean the honor of a chimney-sweeper, or street-scraper, or cabman, or coal-heaver, or hodman, or such persons ; but of those that are responsible for the acts of the people as a government. When we speak of the honor of an American citizen, we speak of every individual, high or low, rich or poor, because, as all have the franchise, all are responsible for public acts. Take the same

class with us that the word is applied to in England, and if the honor of that class is not equal to its corresponding one in Great Britain, I think I may say it will at least bear a very favorable comparison with it. The question of payment, or non-payment, in the repudiating States has been put to every male in those States over the age of twenty-one years, and repudiation has been the result.

Put the question of the payment of the national debt to every adult in Great Britain, and let reformers inflame their minds and excite their cupidity, as they always do on such occasions, and what would be the result? I fear the holders of the old Three per Cents would find repudiation a word as well understood in Europe as it is in America. The almost universal suffrage in Canada is the cause of the ungenerous, ungrateful, and

insatiable conduct of their reformers : all good men there acknowledge their degradation, and deplore it : but, alas, they cannot help it. Mankind are much the same everywhere ; the masses are alike at least, ignorant, prejudiced, needy, and not over scrupulous. It is our misfortune then, rather than our fault ; you will observe I am not justifying repudiation, far from it ; but let us know where the fault lies, before we inflict censure—*It lies in our Institutions and not in our people* ; it is worth all they have lost in England to know this, it is a valuable political lesson. Let them beware how they extend their franchise, or increase the democratic privileges.

“The Reform Bill has lowered the character of the House of Commons in exact proportion as it has opened it to the representatives of the lower orders. Another Reform Bill will lower the cha-

racter of the people; it will then only require universal suffrage, and vote by ballot, to precipitate both the altar and the throne into the cold and bottomless abyss of democracy, and in the froth and worthless scum that will float on the surface will be seen among the fragments of their institutions, 'English repudiation.'"

"Give me your hand, Minister;" said Mr. Slick: "Oh, you did that beautiful! Heavens and airth!—"

"Stop, Sam," said Mr. Hopewell, "Swear not by Heaven, for it is *his* throne, nor by the earth, for it is *his* footstool."

"Well, then, lawful heart! land of Goshen! airth and seas! or, oh Solomon! take any one that will suit you; I wish you would lay down preachin' and take to politics, as Everitt did."

"I could not do it," he replied, "if I

would; and I would not do it if I could."

"Well, I wish you had never taken up the trade of preachin'."

"Trade, Sam! do you call it a trade?"

"Well, art."

"Do you call it an art?"

"Well, call it what you like, I wish you had never been bred a preacher."

"I have no such wish; I do not, at the close of my life, desire to exclaim with Wolsey, 'Had I served my God with half the zeal I have served my king, he would not now have deserted me in my old age.'"

"You hante got a king, and nobody sarves a president, for he is nothin' but one of us, so you needn't be skeered, but I do wish you'd a-taken to politics. Good gracious, why can't Stephen-son or Everitt talk as you do; why don't they put the nail in the right place, and

strike it right strait on the head? The way you put that repudiation is jist the identical thing. Bowin' gallus polite, and sayin'—'Debt is all right, you ought to have it,—a high tone of feelin'—very sorry—force of circumstances—political institutions—universal suffrage—happy country, England—national honor all in my eye—good bye! How much better that is than justifyin', or bullyin' or sayin' they are just as bad themselves, and only make matters wus; I call that now true policy."

"If you call that true policy, I am sorry for you," he replied; "because it is evident you are ignorant of a very important truth."

"What is that, Minister?"

"*'That honesty is always the best policy.'* Had this great moral lesson been more universally known, you never would have heard of '*Repudiation.*'"

CHAPTER VI.

THE BACKLOG, OR COOLNESS.

As we sat chatting together late last night, the danger of a fire at sea was talked of, the loss of the Kent India-man, and the remarkable coolness of Col. M'Grigor on that occasion was discussed, and various anecdotes related of calmness, presence of mind, and coolness, under every possible form of peril.

"There is a good deal of embellishment in all these stories," said Mr. Slick. "There is always a fact to build a story on, or a peg to hang it on, and this makes it probable ; so that the story and its fic-

tions get so mixed up, you can't tell at last what is truth and what is fancy. A good story is never spiled in the tellin', except by a crittur that don't know how to tell it. Battles, shipwrecks, highway robberies, blowed-up steamers, vessels a-fire, and so on, lay a foundation as facts. Some people are saved,—that's another fact to build on ;—some captain, or passenger, or woman hante fainted, and that's enough to make a grand affair of it. You can't hardly believe none of them, that's the truth. Now, I'll tell you a story that happen'd in a farm-house near to father's, to Slickville, jist a common scene of common life, and no romance about it, that does jist go for to shew what I call coolness :—

“ Our nearest neighbour was Squire Peleg Sanford ; well, the old Squire and all his family was all of them the most

awful passionate folks that ever lived, when they chose, and then they could keep in their temper, and be as cool at other times as cucumbers. One night, old uncle Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gucom, a boy of fourteen years old, to go and bring in a backlog for the fire. "A backlog, you know, Squire, in a wood fire, is always the biggest stick that one can find or carry. It takes a stout junk of a boy to lift one.

"Well, as soon as Gucom goes to fetch the log, the old Squire drags forward the coals, and fixes the fire so as to leave a bed for it, and stands by ready to fit it into its place. Presently in comes Gucom with a little cat stick, no bigger than his leg, and throws it on. Uncle Peleg got so mad, he never said a word, but just seized his ridin' whip, and gave him a'most an awful wippin'. He tanned his hide properly for him,

you may depend. 'Now,' sais he, 'go, sir, and bring in a proper backlog.'

"Gucom was clear grit as well as the old man, for he was a chip of the old block, and no mistake; so out he goes without so much as sayin' a word, but instead of goin' to the wood pile, he walks off altogether, and staid away eight years, till he was one-and-twenty, and his own master. Well, as soon as he was a man grown, and lawfully on his own book, he took it into his head one day he'd go to home and see his old father and mother agin, and shew them he was alive and kickin', for they didn't know whether he was dead or not, never havin' heard of or from him one blessed word all that time. When he arrived to the old house, daylight was down, and lights lit, and as he passed the keepin'-room winder, he looked in, and there was old Squire sittin' in the same chair he was

eight years afore, when he ordered in the back log, and gave him such an on-marciful whippin'. So what does Gucom do, but stops at the wood pile, and picks up a most hugaceous log, (for he had grow'd to be a'most a thunderin' big feller then) and openin' the door he marches in and lays it down on the hearth, and then lookin' up, sais he, 'Father, I've brought you in the backlog.'

"Uncle Peleg was struck up all of a heap; he couldn't believe his eyes, that that great six-footer was the boy he had cow-hided, and he couldn't believe his ears when he heard him call him father; a man from the grave wouldn't have surprised him more,—he was quite onfa-kilized, and be-dumbed for a minute. But he came too right off, and was iced down to freezin' point in no time.

"'What did you say?' sais he.

“ ‘That I have brought you in the backlog, sir, you sent me out for.’

“ ‘Well, then, you’ve been a d——’d long time a-fetchin’ it,’ sais he; ‘that’s all I can say. Draw the coals forrard, put it on, and then go to bed.’

“Now, that’s a fact, Squire; I know’d the parties myself,—and that’s what *I do* call *coolness*—and no mistake!”

CHAPTER VII.

MARRIAGE.

TO-DAY, as we passed St. James's church, we found the streets in the neighbourhood almost obstructed by an immense concourse of fashionable carriages. "Ah!" said Mr. Slick, "here is a splice in high life to-day. I wish to goodness I could scrouge in and see the gal. Them nobility women are so horrid handsum, they take the shine off all creation a'most. I'll bet a goose and trimmins she looks like an angel, poor thing! I'd like to see her, and somehow I wouldn't like to see her, nother. I like to look at beauty

always, my heart yarns towards it; and I do love women, the dear critturs, that's a fact. There is no musick to my ear like the rustlin' of petticoats: but then I pity one o' these high bred gals, that's made a show of that way, and decked out in first chop style, for all the world to stare at afore she is offered up as a sacrifice to gild some old coronet with her money, or enlarge some landed estate by addin' her'n on to it. Half the time it aint the joinin' of two hearts, but the joinin' of two pusses, and a wife is chose like a hoss, not for her looks, but for what she will fetch. It's the greatest wonder in the world them kind o' marriages turn out as well as they do, all thin's considered. I can't account for it no way but one, and that is, that love that grows up slow will last longer than love that's born full grown. The fust is love, the last is passion. Fashion rules all here.

“ These Londoners are about as consaited folks of their own ways as you ’ll find onder the sun a’most. They are always a-jawin’ about good taste, and bad taste, and correct taste, and all that sort o’ thin’. Fellers that eat and drink so like the devil as they do, it’s no wonder that word ‘taste’ is for everlastin’ in their mouth. Now to my mind, atween you and me and the post, for I darsn’t say so here to company, they’d stare so if I did, but atween you and me, I don’t think leadin’ a girl out to a church chock full of company, to be stared at, like a prize ox, by all the young bucks and the old does about town, to criticise, satirize, and jokerise on, or make prophecies on, a-pityin’ the poor feller that’s caught such an almighty tartar, or a-feelin’ for the poor gal that’s got such an awful dissipated feller; or rakin’ up old stories to new-frame ’em as pictures to amuse folks

with, (for envy of a good match always gets to pityin' 'em, as if it liked 'em, and was sorry for 'em,) and then to lead her off to a dejuney a la fussier; to hear her health drunk in wine, and to hear a whisper atween a man-woman and a woman-man, not intended to be heerd, except on purpose; and then posted off to some old mansion or another in the country; and all along the road to be the standin' joke of post-boys, footmen, and ladies' maids, and all them kind o' cattle; and then to be yoked together alone with her lover in that horrid large, lonely, dismal house, shut up by rain all the time, and imprisoned long enough to git shockin' tired of each other; and then to read her fate on the wall in portraits of a long line of ancestral brides, who came there bloomin', and gay, and young like her, and in a little while grew fat and old, or skinny and

thin, or deaf, or blind, (women never get dumb,) and who sickened and pined and died, and went the way of all flesh; and she shudders all over, when she thinks in a few years some other bride will look at her pictur', and say, 'What a queer looking woman that is! how unbecomin' her hair is done up!' and then, pi'ntin' to her bustle, say to her bridesmaid in a whisper, with a scornful look, 'Do you suppose that mountain was a bustle, or was she a Hottentot Venus, grandpa' married?' and bridesmaid will say, 'Dreadful looking woman! and she squints too, I think;' then to come back to town to run into t'other extreme, and never to be together agin, but always in company, havin' a great horror of that long, lone, tiresome honey-moon month in the country;—all this aint to my mind, now, jist the best taste in the world nother. I don't know what you may think, but

that's my humble opinion, now that's a fact. We make everlastin' short work of it sometimes. It reminds me of old uncle Peleg I was a-tellin' you of last night, who acted so cool about the backlog. He was a magistrate to Slickville, was Squire Peleg; and by our law, Justices of the peace can splice folks as well as Ministers can. So, one day Slocum Outhouse, called there to the Squire's with Deliverance Cook. They was well acquainted with the Squire, for they was neighbours of his, but they was awful afeerd of him, he was such a crotchical, snappish, peevish, odd, old feller. So after they sot down in the room old Peleg sais, 'You must excuse my talkin' to-day, friend Outhouse, for,' sais he, 'I'm so almighty busy a-writin'; but the women-folks will be in bime bye; the'r jist gone to meetin'.' 'Well,' sais Slocum, 'we won't detain you a minit,

Squire; me and Deliverance come to make declaration of marriage, and have it registered.' 'Oh! goin' to be married,' sais he; 'eh? that's right, marry in haste and repent at leisure. Very fond of each other now; quarrel like the devil by and bye. Hem! what cussed fools some folks is;' and he never sais another word, but wrote and wrote on, and never looked up, and there they sot and sot, Slocum and poor Deliverance, a-lookin' like a pair of fools; they know'd they couldn't move him to go one inch faster than he chose, and that he would have his own way at any rate; so they looked at each other and shook their heads, and then looked down and played with their thumbs, and then they scratched their pates and put one leg over t'other, and then shifted it back agin, and then they looked out o' the winder, and counted all the poles in the fence, and all the hens in

the yard, and watched a man a-ploughin' in a field, goin' first up and then down the ridge; then Slocum coughed, and then Deliverance coughed, so as to attract old Squire's attention, and make him 'tend to their business; but no, nothin' would do: he wrote, and he wrote, and he wrote, and he never stopped, nor looked up, nor looked round, nor said a word. Then Deliverance looked over at the Squire, made faces, and nodded and motioned to Outhouse to go to him, but he frowned and shook his head, as much as to say, I darsn't do it, dear, I wish you would.

"At last she got narvous, and began to cry out of clear sheer spite, for she was good stuff, rael steel, put an edge on a knife a'most; and that got Slocum's dander up,—so he ups off of his seat, and spunks up to the old Squire, and sais he, 'Squire, tell you what, we came here to get married; if you are a-goin' for to do

the job well and good, if you aint say so, and we will go to some one else.' 'What job,' sais old Peleg, a-lookin' up as innocent as you please. 'Why, marry us,' sais Slocum. 'Marry you!' sais he, 'why d—n you, you was married an hour and a-half ago, man. What are you a-talkin' about? I thought you was a-goin' to spend the night here, or else had repented of your bargain;' and he sot back in his chair and larfed ready to kill himself. 'What the devil have you been waitin' for all this time?' sais he; 'don't you know that makin' declaration, as you did, is all that's required?—but come, let's take a glass of grog.—Here's to your good health, Mr. Slocum, or *Slow-go*, as you ought to be called, and the same to you, Deliverance. What a nice name you've got, too, for a bride;' and he larfed agin till they both joined in it, and larfed, too, like anythin'; for

larfin' is catchin', you can't help it sometimes, even suppose you are vexed.

" 'Yes,' sais he, 'long life and as much happiness to you both as you can cleverly disgest;' and then he shook hands with the bride, and whispered to her, and she coloured up, and looked horrid pleased, and sais, 'Now, Squire, *positively*, you ought to be ashamed, that's a fact.'

"Now," said Mr. Slick, "a feller that aint a fool, like Slocum, and don't know when he *is* married, can get the knot tied without fuss or loss of time with us, can't he?—Yes, I don't like a show affair like this. To my mind, a quiet, private marriage, like that at Uncle Peleg's' is jist about the right thing."

"Sam," said Mr. Hopewell, "I am surprised to hear you talk that way. As to the preference of a quiet marriage over one of these public displays, I quite agree with you. But you are 'under a great

mistake in supposing that you dare not express that opinion in England, for every right-minded person here will agree with you. *Any opinion that cannot be expressed here must be a wrong one, indeed ; the judgment, the feeling, and the taste of society is so good !* But still the ceremony should always be performed in the church, and as I was saying, I'm surprised to hear you approve of such an affair as that at Squire Peleg's office. Making marriage a mere contract, to be executed like any other secular obligation, before the civil magistrate, is one of the most ingenious contrivances of the devil to loosen moral obligations that I know of at all.

“ When I tell you the Whigs were great advocates for it here, I am sure I need not give you its character in stronger language. Their advent to office depended on all those opposed to the church ; every thing, therefore, that weakened its

influence or loosened its connexion with the state, was sure to obtain their strenuous assistance. Transferring this ceremony from the church to the secular power was one of their popular kites ; and to show you how little it was required by those who demanded it, or how little it was valued when obtained, except in a political point of view, I need only observe that the number of magisterial marriages is on the decrease in England, and not on the increase.

“The women of England, much to their honour, object to this mode of marriage. Intending to fulfil their own obligations, and feeling an awful responsibility, they desire to register them at the altar, and to implore the blessing of the Church on the new career of life into which they are about to enter, and at the same time they indulge the rational and well-founded hope that the vows so so-

lemnly and publicly made to them before God and man will be more strictly observed in proportion as they are more deeply considered, and more solemnly proclaimed. There are not many things that suggest more important considerations than that connexion which is so lightly talked of, so inconsiderately entered into, and so little appreciated as—
Marriage.”

CHAPTER VIII.

PAYING AND RETURNING VISITS.

"WHICH way are you a-goin', Squire?" said Mr. Slick, who saw me preparing to go out this morning.

"I am going," I said, "to call on an old schoolfellow that is now living in London. I have not seen him since we sat on the same benches at school, and have been unable to ascertain his address until this moment."

"Could he have ascertained your address?"

"Oh, yes, easily; all the Nova Scotians in town know it; most of the Ca-

nada merchants, and a very large circle of acquaintance. Many others who did not know so well where to inquire as he does, have found it."

"Let me see," he replied, "how long have we been here?—Four months.—Let him be, then; he aint worth knowin', that feller,—he hante a heart as big as a pea. Oh! Squire, you don't know 'cause you hante travelled none; but I do, 'cause I've been every where a'most, and I'll tell you somethin' you hante experienced yet. Aint there a good many folks to Halifax, whose faces you know, but whose names you don't, and others whose mugs and names you know, but you don't parsonally know them?—Certainly. Well, then, s'pose you are in London, or Paris, or Canton, or Petersburg, and you suddenly come across one o' these critturs, that you pass every day without lookin' at or thinkin' of, nor knowin' or carin'

to know when you are to home.—What 's the first thing both of you'd do, do you suppose? Why run right up to each other, out paws and shake hands, till all is blue again. Both of you ax a bushel of questions, and those questions all lead one way,—to Nova Scotia, to Halifax, to the road to Windsor;—then you try to stay together, or travel together, and if either of you get sick, tend each other, or get into scrapes, fight for each other.—Why? because you are countrymen,—countymen,—townsmen,—because you see home wrote in each other's face as plain as any thing; because each of you is in t'other's eyes a part of that home, a part that when you are in your own country you don't valy much; because you have both nearer and dearer parts, but still you have a kind of nateral attraction to each other, as a piece of home; and then that awakens all the

kindly feelin's of the heart, and makes it as sensitive and tender as a skinned eel. But, oh, dear me! if this *piece* of home happens to be an old schoolfeller, don't it awaken idees not only of home, but idees long since forgotten of old times? *Memory acts on thought like sudden heat on a dormant fly, it wakes it from the dead, puts new life into it, and it stretches out its wings and buzzes round as if it had never slept.* When you see him, don't the old schoolmaster rise up before you as nateral as if it was only yesterday? and the school-room, and the noisy, larkin', happy holidays, and you boys let out racin', yelpin', hollerin', and whoopin' like mad with pleasure, and the play-ground, and the game at bass in the fields, or hurly on the long pond on the ice, or campin' out a-night at Chester lakes to fish—catchin' no trout, gettin' wet thro' and thro' with rain like a

drown'd rat,—eat up body and bones by black flies and muschetoës, returnin' tired to death, and callin' it a party of pleasure; or riggin' out in pumps for dancin' schools, and the little fust loves for the pretty little gals there, when the heart was romantic and looked away ahead into an avenue of years, and seed you and your little tiny partner at the head of it, driven in a tandem sleigh of your own, and a grand house to live in, and she your partner through life; or else you in the grove back o' the school, away up in a beech tree, settin' straddle-legged on a limb with a jack-knife in your hand cuttin' into it the two fust letters of her name—F. L., fust love; never dreamin' the bark would grow over them in time on the tree, and the world, the flesh, and the devil rub them out of the heart in arter years also. Then comes robbin' orchards and fetchin' home nasty puckery apples

to eat, as sour as Greek, that stealin' made sweet ; or gettin' out o' winders at night, goin' down to old Ross's, orderin' a supper, and pocketin' your —— fust whole bottle o' wine—oh ! that fust whole bottle christened the man, and you woke up sober next mornin', and got the fust taste o' the world,—sour in the mouth—sour in the stomach—sour in the temper, and sour all over ;—yes, that's the world. Oh, Lord ! don't them and a thousand more things rush right into your mind, like a crowd into a theatre seein' which can get in fust. Don't it carry you back afore sad realities, blasted hopes, and false hearts had chilled your affections.

“ Oh, dear ! you don't know, 'cause in course you hante travelled none, and can't know, but I do. Lord ! meetin' a crittur away from home that way, has actilly made me pipe my eye afore now. Now a feller that don't feel this, that was to

school with you, and don't yarn towards you, that is a-sojournin' here and knows *you* are here, and don't run full clip to you and say, 'Oh how glad I am to see you! Come and see me as often as you can;—can't I do anything for you, as I know town better nor you do? Is there anything I can shew you? Oh! how glad I've been to see your name in the papers,—to hear folks praise your books,—to find you've got on in the world. Well, I am glad of it for your sake—for the sake o' the school and old Nova Scotia, and then how 's so and so? Does A drink as hard as ever? is B as busy a-skinning a sixpence? and C as fond of horse racing? They tell me D is the most distinguished man in New Brunswick, and so on—eh? What are you a-doin' to-day, come and dine with me?—engaged; to-morrow?—engaged; next day?—engaged. Well, name a day—

engaged every day for a fortnight.—The devil you are ;—at this rate I shan't see you at all. Well, mind you are engaged to me for your Sunday dinner every Sunday you are in town, and as much oftener as you can. I'll drop in every mornin' as I go to my office about breakfast time and give you a hail—I have an appointment now. Good bye ! old feller, devilish glad to see you ;' and then returnin' afore he gets to the door, and pattin' you on the shoulders, affectionate like, he'd say with a grave face,—‘Good heavens! how many sad recollections you call up ! How many of our old schoolfellows are called to their long account !—eh ? Well, I am right glad to see *you* agin safe and sound, wind and limb, at any rate—good bye !’

“ Yes, Squire, every pleasure has its pain, for pain and pleasure are like the Siamese twins. They have a nateral cord of union, and are inseparable. Pain is a

leetle, jist a leetle smaller than t'other, is more narvous, and, in course, twice as sensitive; you can't feel pleasure without feelin' pain, but that aint the worst of it nother; for git on t'other side of 'em, and you'll find you can often feel pain without as much as touchin' pleasure with the tip eend of your finger. Yes, the pleasure of seein' you brings up to that crittur that pang of pain that shoots through the heart. 'How many of our old school-fellers are called to their long accounts!'

"How nateral that was! for, Squire, of all that we knew when young, how few are raelly left to us! The sea has swallowed some, and the grave has closed over others; the battle-field has had its share, and disease has marked out them that is to follow.

"Ah me! *we remember with pleasure, we think with pain.* But this crittur—heavens and airth! what's the sea, the

grave, the battle-field, or disease, in comparison of him? Them's nateral things; but here's a feller without a heart; it has been starved to death by the neglect of the affections.

“ Oh! Squire, if you 'd a-travelled alone in distant countries as I have, you 'd a-knowed its a great relief in a foreign land to meet one from home, and open the flood-gate, and let these thoughts and feelin's out; for when they are pent up they aint healthy, and breed home-sickness, and that's an awful feelin'; *and the poorer a country is folks come from, the more they are subject to this complaint.* How does he know you aint home-sick, for that aint confined to no age? How does he know there never was a man in the world met with so much kindness in London as you have, and from entire strangers too, and that you don't need him or his attentions? How does he

know I am with you, that can talk a man dead? He don't know, and he don't care. Now, as he hante been near you, and you here four months, he aint worth a cuss; he aint nateral, and a crittur that aint nateral aint worth nothin'. Cut him as dead as a skunk; say as Crockett did, 'you may go to h—l, and I'll go to Texas.' If I was you I wouldn't tell that story, it tante no credit to Nova Scotia; and your countrymen won't thank you a bit for it, I can tell you.

"Oh! Squire, I am 'most afraid sometimes there aint no sich thing as rael friendship in the world. I am a good natered crittur, and always was, and would go to old Nick to sarve a friend. Father used to say I was like a saw horse, my arms was always open; and I'd find in the eend I'd be sawed up myself for my pains. Faith! if I'm in trouble or keeled up with sickness, every feller has an ex-

cuse: one's goin' to marry a wife, another to buy a yoke of oxen, and a third sais it will cost him sixpence. Doin' a man a favor is no way to make a friend: the moment you lay him under an obligation you've sold him. An obligation is a horrid heavy thing to carry. As soon as he buckles it on and walks a little way he sais, 'Well, this is a-most a devil of a heavy pack to carry; I'm e'en a'most tired to death. I'll sit down and rest;' so down he pops and laments his hard fortin. Then he ups and tries it again, and arter joggin' on a space, sais, 'Plague take the strap, how it cuts into the shoulder, don't it? I must stop agin and fix it.' Then he takes a fresh departur', and grumbles and growls as he goes on like a bear with a sore head, and sais, 'Oh! my sakes, am I to carry this infarnal bundle all my life long? Why it will kill me, its so everlastin' almighty

heavy, that's a fact. I must stop to drink, for I am 'nation thirsty.' Well, he slips it off, and lays down and takes a drink, and then gets up and stretches himself, and sais, 'Well, I feel a great deal better, and lighter too, without that 'tarnal knapsack. I'll be shot if I'll take it up agin, see if I do; so there now!' and he jist gives it a kick into the brook and walks on without it, a free man, whistlin' as he goes that are old psalm tune, 'O! be joyful, all ye lands!'

"Nothin' is so heavy to carry as gratitude. Few men have strength enough to bear the weight long, I can tell you. The only way that I know to make a feller your friend is to kick him. Jist walk into the street, look out a good countenanced crittur that you think you'd like, seize him by the scruff of the neck, hold him out to arm's-length, and kick him into a jelly a'most, and when you've done,

turn him round, stare him in the face, look puzzled like, and say, 'I beg your pardon, I am very sorry, but I took you for so and so; I'll make you any compensation in the world; I feel quite streaked, I do indeed.' 'I'll tell you what it is, *my friend*,' he'll say—he'll call you friend at oncet,—'tell you what, my friend, another time, when you assault a man, be sure that you get hold of the right one. A mistake of this kind is no joke, I assure you.' 'My *dear friend*,' sais you,—for you'll call him dear friend at oncet,—'you can't feel more ugly about it than I do; I'm grieved to death.'

"You and him will be sworn friends arterwards for ever and a day, see if you aint; he has been kicked into an intimacy; an obligation sells one out of it. We may like those we have injured, or that have injured us, 'cause it is something we can forgive or forget. We can't

like those that have done us a favor, for it is a thing we never forgive. *Now, what are ceremonials but ice-houses that keep affections cold, when the blood is at a high temperature?* Returnin' calls by leavin' cards; what sense is there in that? It consumes good card-board, and wastes valuable time. Doctors are the only people that understand payin' and returnin' visits. I shall never forget a story brother Josiah, the Doctor, told me oncet about the medical way of visitin'. I was a-goin' oncet from Charleston to Baltimore, and sais Josiah, 'Sam,' sais he, 'when do you go?' 'To-morrow,' sais I, 'at eight.' 'I'll go with you,' he sais; 'I want to make a mornin' call there.' 'A mornin' call,' sais I; 'it's a plaguy long way to go for that, and considerable costly, too, unless it's a gal you want to see, and that alters the case. Are you so soft in the horn as to go

all that distance jist to leave a card?' 'Sam,' he sais, 'do you recollect when we was to night-school to old Minister, his explainin' what ellipsis was?' 'No, I never heerd of it afore, is it a medicine?' 'Medicine? what a fool you be!' 'Well, what the plague is it then,' sais I, 'is it French?' 'Why, Sam, do you recollect one single blessed thing you ever larnt to school?' 'Yes, I do,' sais I, 'I larnt that a man who calls his brother a fool is apt to git knocked down, in the first place, and is in danger of somethin' worse hereafter, a plaguy sight stronger nor your doctor's stuff.' 'Don't you recollect ellipsis?' sais he; 'it's somethin' to be understood but not expressed.' 'Well, I think I do mind it, now you mention it,' sais I. 'Well,' sais he, 'doctors' visits are ellipsis visits; there is a great deal understood, but not expressed. I'll tell you how it is: I've got business at the

bank at Baltimore. Well, I go there, do my business up all tight and snug, and then go call on Doctor Flagg. Flagg sais, 'How are you, Slick? when did you come, eh? glad to see you, old fellow. Come with me, I have a most interestin' case; it's a lady; she gobbles her food like a hen-turkey, and has got the dispepsy. I don't like to talk to her about chawin' her food fine, and boltin', for I'm afeerd of offendin' her; so I give her medicine to do the work of her teeth.' 'Oh!' sais I, 'I take'—and I goes with him to see her; he tells me her treatment afore her, jist as if he had never mentioned it, and as grave as if he was in airnest. 'Excellent' I say,—'nothin' could be better; that infusion of quassia chips is somethin' new in practice, that I take to be a discovery of your own.' He sais, 'Yes; I rather pride myself on it.' 'You have reason,' I say. —'I think, madam,' sais I, 'there is some

plethora here. I would recommend you to comminuate your food into a more attenuated shape, for the peristaltic action is weak.'—We return, and he slips a twenty-dollar bill into my hands; as we go out the front door, he winks and sais, 'Do you stay to-morrow, Slick, I have another case.'—'No, thank you, I'm off at daylight.'

"When he comes to Charleston I *return* the visit, *my* patients fee *him*, and travellin' costs neither of us a cent. Its done by ellipses, it aint all put down in writin', or expressed in words, but its onderstood.

"No, Squire, *friendship is selfishness half the time*. If your skunk of a blue-nose friend could a-made anythin' out o' you, he'd a-called on you the day arter you arrived. Depend upon it that crittur onderstands ellipses, and its the principle he acts on in *making and returning visits*."

CHAPTER IX.

THE CANADIAN EXILE.—PART I.

YESTERDAY we visited the Polytechnic, and on our return through Regent Street I met a person whose face, although I did not recognise it, reminded me so strongly of some one I had seen before, that my attention was strongly attracted towards him by the resemblance. The moment he saw me he paused, and taking a second look at me, advanced and offered me his hand.

“It is many years since we met, Mr. Poker,” he said. “I observe you do not recollect me, few of my old friends do, I am so altered. I am Major Furlong.”

“ My dear Major,” I said, “ how do you do? I am delighted to see you again; pray how is all your family, and especially my dear young friend, Miss Furlong?”

A dark shadow passed suddenly across his face, he evaded the question, and said he was glad to see me looking so well; and then inquiring my address, said he would take an early opportunity of calling to see me.

I am a blunderer, and always have been. Every man knows, or ought to know, that after a long interval of absence he should be cautious in asking questions about particular individuals of a family, lest death should have invaded the circle in the meantime, and made a victim of the object of his inquiry. It was evident that I had opened a wound not yet healed, and instead of giving pleasure, had inflicted pain. A stumbling horse is incurable, a blundering man, I

fear, is equally so. One thing is certain, I will never hereafter inquire for any one's health in particular, but after the family generally. I now understand the delicate circumspection of Mr. Slick's phraseology, who invariably either asks, "How is all to home to-day?" or "How is all to home in a gineral way, and yourself in particular, to-day?" I will be cautious for the future. But to return to my narrative, for as I grow older I find my episodes grow longer. I said we should dine at home that day, at our lodgings, 202, Piccadilly, (I insert the number, gentle reader, because I recommend Mr. Weeks, of 202, to your particular patronage,) and that Mr. Hopewell and myself would be most happy to see him at seven, if he would favour us with his company. "Weeks," I said, "is a capital purveyor. I can promise you an excellent bottle of wine, and you will meet 'Mr. Slick.'" Neither the good wine, of

which I knew him to be an excellent judge, nor the humour of "the clockmaker," which, eight years before, he so fully appreciated and so loudly applauded, appeared to have any attractions for him; he said he should be most happy to come, and took his leave. Happy!—how mechanically we use words! how little we feel what we say when we use phrases which fashion has prescribed, instead of uttering our thoughts in our own way, or clothing them in their natural apparel! Happy!! Poor man, he will never again know happiness, until he reaches that place "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"Who the plague is that horrid solemncoly man?" said Mr. Slick when I rejoined him; "he looks as if he had lost his last shillin', and as it was the only survivin' one out of twenty, which made the round sum of the family, he was

afeerd he should not get another. Who the plague is he? London aint no place for a man to be in who is out of the tin, I can tell you."

"He is Major Furlong, of the —— regiment," I said. "When I first became acquainted with him, eight years ago, he was stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia; he was one of the most agreeable men I ever met, and was a general favorite with his brother officers and the people of *the west end of the town*. He was a married man, and had two daughters, grown up, and two sons at school."

"He was married, was he?" said Mr. Slick. "Well, we find, in our sarvice when a feller is fool enough to accomodate himself with a wife it is time for the country to disaccomodate itself of him. I don't know how it is in your sarvice, seein' that when I was to Nova Scotia I was only a clockmaker, and, in course, didn't dine

at mess; but I know how 'tis in our'n. We find now and then the wives of officers of marchin' regiments, the very delightful critturs, not always the most charmin' women in the world arter all. A little money and no beauty, or a little beauty and no money, or a little interest and nothin' else, are the usual attractions to idle or speculatin' men who want to drive a tandem or to sport a belle. Nor is every married man by any means either the most sensible or the most agreeable of his corps neither. Sensible he cannot be, or he would not have married. The gaudy tinsel of military life soon tarnishes, and when poverty shows thro' it like a pictur'-frame when the gildin' is worn off, it sours the temper too much to let 'em be agreeable. Young subalterns should never be sent on detachments to country quarters in our great Republic. This duty should be done either by sargints

or old Field officers. A sargint cannot marry without obtainin' permission, and is therefore safe; and if an old officer takes to drinkin' at their out-o'-the-way posts, in Maine or Florida, as he probably will, and kill himself in his attempts to kill time, the regiment will be more efficient, by bein' commanded by younger and smarter men. To die in the sarvice of one's country is a glorious thing, but to die of a wife and ten children, don't excite no pity, and don't airn no praise, I'll be shot if it does. To expose a young man to the snares and spring-traps of match-makin' mothers, and the charms of idle uneducated young gals in country quarters, is as bad as erectin' barracks on marshy grounds that are subject to fever and ague. It renders the corps unfit for duty. To be idle is to be in danger, and to be idle in danger is sure and certain ruin. Officers stationed at these

outposts have nothing to do but to admire and be admired—to sport and to flirt. They fish every day, and are fished for every evenin', and are, in course, as we say in the mackarel line, too often 'hook'd in.' If the fish is more valuable than the bait, what must the bait be, where so little value is placed on the fish? This is the reason that we hear of so many solemncoly instances of blasted prospects, of unhappy homes, of discontented, or dissipated husbands, and reckless or broken-hearted wives. Indeed, marriage in the army should be against the regulations of the service. A man can't serve two mistresses—his country and his wife. It sp'iles a good soldier to make a bad husband; but it changes a woman wuss, for it convarts her, by changing Holton ice and snows for Alabama's heats and fevers, into a sort of Egyptian mummy. She dries as much,

but she don't keep so well. Lord! how I pity an officer's wife, that's been dragged about from pillar to post that way. In a few years her skin is as yaller as an orange, or as brown as mahogany. She looks all eyes and mouth, as if she could take her food whole, and as thin and light in the body as a night-hawk. She gets mannish too, from bein' among men so much, and her talk gets a sportin' turn, instead of talk of the feminine gender. She tells stories of hosses, and dogs, and huntin', and camps, and our young fellers, as she calls the boy officers, and their spreeds. She sees what she hadn't ought to see, and hears what she hadn't ought to hear, and knows what she oughtn't to know, and sometimes talks what she hadn't ought to talk. It e'en a jist sp'iles her in the long run. And the children—poor little wretches!—what a school a barracks is for them! What beautiful

new oaths the boys larn, and splendid leetle bits and scraps of wickedness they pick up from the sodgers and sodger boys; and the leetle gals, what nice leetle stories they hear; and what pretty leetle tricks they larn from camp women, and their leetle gals! And if there aint nothin' but the pay, what an everlastin' job it is to alter frocks, and razee coats, and coax down stockin's for them. A gold epaulette on the shoulder, and a few coppers in the pocket, makes poverty farment till it gets awful sour; and silk gowns and lace collars, and muslin dresses and feathers, for parties abroad, and short allowance for the table to home, makes gentility not very gentle sometimes. When the gals grows up, its wuss. There is nobody to walk with, or ride with, or drive with, or sing with, or dance with, but young officers. Well, it aint jist easy for poor marm, who is up to snuff, to work it so

that they jist do enough of all this to marry ; and yet not enough talkin' to get talked of themselves — to get a new name afore they have sp'ilt their old one, and jist walk the chalks exactly. And then, what 's wuss than all, its a roost here, and a roost there, and a-wanderin' about everywhere ; but there aint *no home*—no leetle flower garden—no leetle orchard—no leetle brook—no leetle lambs —no leetle birds—no pretty leetle rooms, with pretty leetle nick—knackery on 'em ; but an empty barrack room ; cold, cheerless lodgin's, that aint in a nice street ; or an awful door, and awful bad inn. Here to-day, and gone to-morrow—to know folks but to forget 'em—to love folks but to part from 'em—to come without pleasure, to leave without pain ; and, at last—for a last will come to everystory,—still no home. Yes ! there is a home too, and I hadn't ought to forget it, tho' it is a small one.

“Jist outside the ramparts, in a nice little quiet nook, there is a little grass mound, the matter of five or six feet long, and two feet wide or so, with a little slab at one eend, and a round stone at t’other eend; and wild roses grow on it, and some little birds build there and sing, and there aint no more trouble then. Father’s house was the *first home*—but that was a gay, cheerful, noisy one; this is a quiet, silent, but very safe and secure one. It is *the last home*!! No, sir! matrimony in the army should be made a capital offence, and a soldier that marries, like a man who desarts his post, should be brought to a court-martial, and made an immediate example of, for the benefit of the service. Is that the case in your regiments?”

“I should think not,” I said; “but I do not know enough of the army to say

whether the effects are similar or not ; but, as far as my little experience goes, I should say the picture is overdrawn, even as regards your own. If it be true, however, Mrs. Furlong was a delightful exception ; she was as amiable as she was beautiful, and had a highly cultivated and a remarkably well regulated mind. I had not the good fortune to make their acquaintance when they first arrived, and in a few months after we became known to each other, the regiment was ordered to Canada, where I lost sight of them. I had heard, indeed, that he had sold out of the army, purchased an estate near Prescott, and settled on it with his family. Soon after that the rebellion broke out, and I was informed that his buildings had been destroyed by the reformers, but I never learned the particulars. This was all that I could recall to my mind, and

to this I attributed his great alteration of manner and appearance." Punctually at seven the Major arrived for dinner. The conversation never rose into cheerfulness by a reference to indifferent subjects, nor sunk into melancholy by allusions to his private affairs, but it was impossible not to see that this even tenour was upheld by a great exertion of moral courage. During the evening Mr. Hopewell, who only knew that he was a half-pay officer that had settled in Canada, unfortunately interrogated him as to the rebellion, and the share he had taken, if any, in suppressing it, when he told us the melancholy story related in the following chapter.

CHAPTER X.

THE CANADIAN EXILE.—PART II.

“ You are aware, Mr. Poker,” said Major Furlong, “ that shortly after I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance at Halifax, my regiment was ordered to Canada; I was stationed in the upper province, the fertility and beauty of which far exceeded any accounts I had ever heard of it. Our next tour of duty was to be in the West Indies. My poor Amelia shuddered at the thought of the climate, and suggested to me, as our family was getting to be too expensive to remove so often, to terminate our erratic life by settling in Canada. A very favourable opportunity

occurring soon after, I sold out of the army, purchased a large tract of land, erected a very pretty cottage, and all necessary farm buildings, and provided myself with as many cattle of the best description as the meadow-land would warrant me in keeping. In a short time I was very comfortably settled, and my wife and daughters were contented and happy. We had not only all the necessaries and comforts of life about us, but many of the luxuries, and I congratulated myself upon having turned my sword into a ploughshare. This state of things, however, was not doomed to last long. So many unwise concessions had been recently made by the Colonial Office to local demagogues, that they became emboldened in their demands, and the speeches of Roebuck and Hume, in Parliament, and a treasonable letter of the latter, which had been widely circulated through the country, fanned the

flame of discontent until it broke out into open rebellion. They gave themselves the very appropriate title of 'Patriots,' 'Reformers,' and 'Liberals' — names that are always assumed when the deception and delusion of the lower orders is to be attempted. They were desperate men, as such people generally are, destitute of property, of character, or of principle, and as such found a warm sympathy in the scum of the American population, the refuse of the other colonies, and the agitators in England. A redress of grievances was their watchword, but fire and murder were their weapons, and plunder their real object. The feeble Government of the Whigs had left us to our own resources—we had to arm in our own defence, and a body of my neighbours, forming themselves into a volunteer corps, requested me to take the command. The duties we had to perform were of the most

harassing nature, and the hardships we endured in that inclement season of the year baffle all description and exceed all belief. I soon became a marked man—my life was threatened, my cattle were destroyed, and my family frequently shot at. At last the Reformers seized the opportunity of my absence from home with the volunteers, to set fire to my house, and as the family escaped from the flames to shoot at them as they severally appeared in the light of the fire. My eldest daughter was killed in attempting to escape, the rest reached the woods, with the slight covering they could hastily put on in their flight, where they spent the night in the deep snow, and were rescued in the morning, nearly exhausted with fatigue and terror, and severely frostbitten.

“During all this trying period, my first care was to provide for my houseless, helpless family; I removed them to another

and more tranquil part of the country, and then resumed my command. By the exertions and firmness of M'Nab, and the bravery and loyalty of the British part of the population, the rebellion was at last put down, and I returned to my desolate home. But, alas! my means were exhausted—I had to mortgage my property to raise the necessary funds to rebuild my house and re-stock my farm, and, from a state of affluence, I found myself suddenly reduced to the condition of a poor man. I felt that my services and my losses, in my country's cause, gave me a claim upon the Government, and I solicited a small country office, then vacant, to recruit my finances.

“Judge of my surprise, when I was told that I was of different politics from the local administration, which had recently been formed from the disaffected party; that I was a loyalist; that the rebels must

be pacified — that the well-understood wishes of the people must be considered, a large portion of whom were opposed to Tories, Churchmen, and Loyalists; that the rebels were to be pardoned, conciliated, and promoted; and that I had not the necessary qualifications for office, inasmuch as I was a gentleman, had been in arms against the people, upheld British connexion, and was a monarchist. This I could have borne. It was a sad reverse of fortune, it is true; my means were greatly reduced, my feelings deeply wounded, and my pride as a man and an Englishman severely mortified. I knew, however, I was in no way the cause of this calamity, and that I still had the fortitude of a soldier and the hope of Christian. But, alas! the sufferings my poor wife endured, when driven, at the dead of night, to seek shelter in the snowdrifts from her merciless pursuers, had thrown her into a decline, and

day by day I had the sad and melancholy spectacle before my eyes of this dear and amiable woman, sinking into the grave with a ruined constitution and a broken heart. Nor was I suffered to remain unmolested myself, even when the rebellion had ceased. Murder, arson, and ruin had not yet glutted the vengeance of these remorseless Reformers. I constantly received threatening letters; men in disguise were still occasionally seen lurking about my premises, and three several times I was shot at by these assassins. Death at last put an end to the terrors and sufferings of poor Amelia, and I laid her beside her murdered daughter. Having sold my property, I left the country with the little remnant of my fortune, and sought refuge in my native land with my remaining daughter and two sons. Good heavens! had I taken your advice, which still rings in my ears, I should have escaped

this misery. 'Don't settle in Canada,' you said, 'it is a border country; you are exposed to sympathisers without, and to patriots within,—below you is treason, and above you is Durhamism. Years and Whigs must pass away, and Toryism and British feeling return, before tranquillity will be restored in that unhappy country.' Remarkable prophecy! wonderfully fulfilled! Oh! had I taken your advice, and gone among Turks and infidels, obedience to the laws would have, at all events, insured protection; and defending the government, if it had not been followed by reward, would at least not have incurred displeasure and disgrace. But, alas! I had been bred a soldier, and been taught to respect the British flag, and, unhappily, sought a home in a colony too distant for a British army to protect or British honour to reach. My poor dear sainted wife—my poor murdered daughter may ——."

Here, overcome by his feelings, he covered his face with his hands, and was dreadfully and fearfully agitated. At last, springing suddenly up in a manner that brought us all to our feet, he exhibited that wildness of eye peculiar to insanity, and seizing me with wonderful muscular energy by the arm, he pointed to the corner of the room, and screamed out, "There! there! do you see it?—look, look!—it is all on fire!—do you hear those cursed rifles?—that's Mary in the light there!" and then raising his voice to a fearful pitch, called out, "Run! for God's sake; run, Mary, to the shade, or they'll shoot you!—make for the woods!—don't stop to look behind!—run, dear, run!"—and then suddenly lowering his tone to a harsh whisper, which still grates in my ears as I write, he continued, "There! look at the corner of that barn—do you see that Reformer standing in the edge of the light?—look at him!—see him!

—good Heavens! he is taking aim with his rifle!—she's lost, by G—d!" and then shouting out again "Run, Mary!—run to the shade;" and again whispering "Do you hear that? He has fired—that's only the scream of fright—he missed her—run! run!" He shouted again, "one minute more, and you are safe—keep to the right;" and then pressing my arm with his hand like a vice, he said, "They have given him another rifle—he is aiming again—he has shot her!—by Heavens, she's killed!" and springing forward, he fell on the floor at full length in a violent convulsion fit, the blood gushing from his nose and mouth in a dreadful manner.

"This is an awful scene!" said Mr. Hopewell, after the Major had been undressed, and put to bed, and tranquillity in some measure restored again. "This is a fearful scene. I wonder how much of this poor man's story is correct, or how

much is owing to the insanity under which he is evidently labouring.—I fear the tale is too true. I have heard much that confirms it. What a fearful load of responsibility rests on the English Government of that day, that exposed the loyal colonists to all these horrors; and then regarded their fidelity and valour, their losses and their sufferings, with indifference,—almost bordering on contempt. It was not always thus. After the American Revolution, the British gave pensions to the provincial officers, and compensation to those who had suffered for their loyalty. Fidelity was then appreciated, and honoured. But times have sadly changed. When I heard of the wild theories Lord Durham propounded, and the strange mixture of absolutism and democracy prescribed by the quackery of Thompson, I felt that nothing but the advent of the Tories would ever remedy the evils they

were entailing on the colonies. Removed they never can be, but they can be greatly palliated : and a favourable change has already come over the face of things. A man is no longer ashamed to avow himself loyal ; nor will his attachment to his Queen and country be any longer, I hope, a disqualification for office. I trust the time has now arrived, when we shall never again hear of—*A Canadian Exile!* ”

CHAPTER XI.

WATERING-PLACES.

MR. HOPEWELL having gone into the country for a few weeks, to visit some American families, the Attaché and myself went to Brighton, Leamington, Cheltenham, and some minor watering-places, for the purpose of comparing them with each other; as also with Saratoga and other American towns of a similar kind. "As a stranger, Mr. Slick, and a man of small means," I said, "I rather like a place like Cheltenham. The country around is very beautiful, the air good; living very cheap, amusement enough provided, especially for one so easily amused as myself. And then there is less of that

chilly and repulsive English reserve than you find elsewhere."

"Well," said Mr. Slick, "I like 'em, and I don't like 'em; kinder sort o' so, and kinder sort of not so, but more not so nor so. For a lark, such as you and me has had, why, it's well enough; and it aint bad as a place for seein' character; but I wouldn't like to live here, some how, all the year round. They have but four objects in view here, and them they are for everlastin' a-chasin' arter—health or wealth—life or a wife. It would be fun enough in studyin' the folks, as I have amused myself many a day in doin', only them horrid solemncoly-lookin' people that are struck with death, and yet not dead—totterin', shakin', tremblin', crawl-in', and wheelin' about, with their legs and feet gone, wheezin', coffin', puffin' and blowin', with their bellowses gone—feelin', leadin', stumblin' and tumblin', with their

eyes gone,—or trumpet-eared, roarin', bore-in', callin', and bawlin', with their hearin' gone,—don't let you think of nothin' else. These, and a thousand more tricks, death plays here, in givin' notice to quit, makes me feel as if I might be drafted myself some fine day into the everlastin' corps of veteran invalids, and have to put on the uniform, and go the rounds with the awkward squad. Oh, dear! for a feller like me, that's always travelled all my life as hard as ever I could lick, or a horse like old Clay could carry me, for to come at the eend of the journey to wind up the last stage, with a leetle four-wheeled waggon, and a man to drag me on the side-path! What a skary kind o' thought it is, aint it? Oh, dear! it's sot one o' my feet asleep already, only a-thinkin' of it—it has, upon my soul! Let's walk to the seat over there, where I can sit, and kick my heel, for *positively*, my legs is gittin'

numb. I wonder whether palsy is ketchin'? The sick and the well here ought to have a great caucus meetin', and come to an onderstandin'. Them that's healthy should say to t'others, 'Come now, old fellows, let's make a fair division of these places. If you are sick, choose your ground, and you shall have it. Do you want sea-air? Well, there is Brighton, you shall have it; it's a horrid stupid place, and just fit for you, and will do your business for you in a month.—Do you want inland air? Well, there is Leamington or Cheltenham—take your choice. Leamington, is it? Well then, you shall have it; and you may take Herne Bay and Bath into the bargain; for we want to be liberal, and act kindly to you, seein' you aint well. Now there's four places for you—mind you stick to 'em. If you go anywhere else, you shall be transported for life, as sure as rates. Birds of a feather flock together.

All you sick folks go there, and tell your aches and pains, and receipts, and quack medicines to each other. It's a great comfort to a sick man to have some feller to tell his nasty, dirty, shockin' stories about his stomach to; and no one will listen to you but another sick man, 'cause when you are done, he's a-goin' to up and let you have his interestin' history. Folks that's well, in gineral always vote it a bore, and absquotolate—they won't listen, that's a fact. They jist look up to the sky, as soon as you begin,—I suffer dreadfully with bile,—and say,—Oh! it's goin' to rain, do go in, as you have been takin' calomel;—and they open a door, shove you into the entry, and race right off as hard as they can clip. Who the devil wants to hear about bile? Well, then, as you must have somebody to amuse you, we will give you into the bargain a parcel of old East Indgy officers, that aint ill and aint

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well; ripe enough to begin to decay, and most likely are a little too far gone in places. They wont keep good long; it's likely old Scratch will take 'em sudden some night; so you shall have these fellows. They lie so like the devil they'll make you stare, that's a fact. If you only promise to let them get on an elephant arter dinner, they'll let you tell about your rumatic, what you're rubbed in, and took in, how 'cute the pain is, and you may grin and make faces to 'em till you are tired; and tell 'em how you didn't sleep; and how shockin' active you was once upon a time when you was young; and describe all about your pills, plaisters, and blisters, and everythin'. Well, then, pay 'em for listenin', for it desarves it, by mountin' them for a tiger hunt, and they'll beguile away pain, I know, they will tell such horrid thumpers. Or you can have a boar hunt, or a great serpent hunt, or

Suttees, or anythin'. Three lines for a fact, and three volumes for the romance. Airth and seas! how they lie! There are two things every feller leaves in the East, his liver and his truth. Few horses can trot as fast as they can invent; yes, you may have these old 'coons, and then when you are tied by the leg and can't stir, it will amuse you to see them old sinners lookin' onder gals' bonnets, chuckin' chambermaids onder the chin, and winkin' impudent to the shop-woman, not 'cause it pleases women, for it don't— young heifers can't abide old fellers—but 'cause it pleases themselves to fancy they are young. Never play cards with them, for if they lose they are horrid cross and everlastin' sarsy, and you have to swaller it all, for it 's cowardly to kick a feller that 's got the gout; and if they win they make too much noise a-larfin, they are so pleased.'

“‘Now there is your four waterin’ places for you; stick to ’em, don’t go ramblin’ about to every place in the kingdom, a’most, and sp’ile ’em all. We well folks will stick to our own, and let you be; and you ill folks must stick to your’n, and you may get well, or hop the twig, or do what you like; and we ’ll keep well, or hop the broomstick, or do anythin’ we like. But let’s dissolve partnership, and divide the stock at any rate. Let January be January, and let May be May. But let’s get a divorce, for we don’t agree over and above well.’

“ Strange ! Squire, but extremes meet. When society gets too stiff and starch, as it is in England, it has to onbind, slack up, and get back to natur’. Now these waterin’ places are the relaxin’ places. They are damp enough to take the starch all out. Resarve is thrown off. It’s bazaar day here all the time; pretty little articles to

be sold at high prices. *Fashion keeps the stalls, and fools are the purchasers.* You may suit yourself with a wife here if you are in want of such a piece of furniture; or if you can't suit yourself, you may get one, at any rate. You can be paired, if you don't get matched, and some folks thinks if critturs have the same action, that's all that's wanted in matin' beasts. Suitin' is difficult. Matrimony is either heaven or hell. It's happiness or misery; so be careful. But there is plenty of critturs such as they be in market here. If you are rich and want, a poor gal to spend your cash here, she is ready and willin'—flash edicated, clap-trap accomplishments—extravagant as old Nick—idees above her station—won't stand haglin' long about your looks, she don't care for 'em; she wants the carriage, the —, the town house, the park, and *the tin*. If you are poor, or got an estate

that's dipt up to the chin, and want the one thing needful, there's an heiress.—She is of age now—don't care a snap of her finger for her guardian—would like a title, but must be married, and so will take you, if you get yourself up well. She likes a handsom man.

“Everythin' here is managed to bring folks together. The shop must be made attractive now, or there is no custom. Look at that chap a-comin' along. He is a popular preacher. The turf, club, and ball managers have bribed him; for he preaches agin horse-racin', and dancin', and dress, and musick, and parties, and gaieties, with all his might and main; calls the course the Devil's common, and the assembly-room Old Nick's levee. Well, he preaches so violent, and raves so like mad agin 'em, it sets all the young folks crazy to go arter this forbidden fruit, right off the reel, and induces old folks to fetch

their gals where such good doctrine is taught. There is no trick of modern times equal to it. It's actilly the makin' of the town. Then it jist suits all old gals that have given up the flash line and gay line, as their lines got no bites to their hooks all the time they fished with them, and have taken the serious line, and are anglin' arter good men, pious men, and stupid men, that fancy bein' stupid is bein' righteous. So all these vinegar cruits get on the side-board together, cut out red flannel for the poor, and caps for old women, and baby-clothes for little children; and who go with the good man in their angel visits to the needy, till they praise each other's goodness so, they think two such lumps of goodness, if j'ined, would make a'most a beautiful large almighty lump of it, and they marry. Ah! here comes t'other feller. There is the popular doctor. What a dear man *he* is!

—the old like him and the young like him; the good like him, and the not so gooder like him; the well like him and the ill like him, and everybody likes him. *He never lost a patient yet.* Lots of 'em have died, but then they came there on purpose to die: they were done for in London, and sent to him to put out of pain; but he never lost one, since he was knee-high to a goose. He onderstands delicate young gals' complaints most beautiful that aint well, and are brought here for the waters. He knows nothin' is the matter of 'em but the 'visitin' fever;' but he don't let on to nobody, and don't pretend to know; so he tells Ma' she must not thwart her dear gal: she is narvous, and won't bear contradiction—she must be amused, and have her own way. He prescribes a dose every other night of two pills, made of one grain of flour, two grains of sugar, and five drops of water, a-

goin' to bed; and—that it's so prepared she can't take cold arter it; for there aint one bit of horrid mercury in it. Then he whispers to Miss 'dancin' is good exercise; spirits must be kept up by company. All nater is cheerful; why shouldn't young gals be? Canary birds and young ladies were never made for cages; tho' fools make cages for them sometimes.' The gal is delighted and better, and the mother is contented and happy. They both recommend the doctor, who charges cussed high, and so he ought: he made a cure, and he is paid with great pleasure. There is another lady, a widder, ill, that sends for him. He sees what she wants with half an eye, he is so used to symptoms. She wants gossip. 'Who is Mr. Adam?' sais she. 'Is he of the family of old Adam, or of the new family of Adam, that lives to Manchester?' 'Oh, yes! the family is older than sin, and as rich

too,' sais he. 'Who is that lady he walked with yesterday?' 'Oh! *she* is married,' sais doctor. Widder is better directly. 'The sight of you, *dear* doctor, has done me good; it has revived my spirits: do call agin.' 'It's all on the narves, my dear widder,' sais he. 'Take two of these bread and sugar pills, you will be all right in a day or two; and, before goin' into company, take a table spoonful of this mixture. It's a new exhilaratin' sedative' (which means it's a dram of perfumed spirits). 'Oh! you will feel as charmin' as you look.' Widder takes the mixture that evenin', and is so brilliant in her talk, and so sparklin' in her eyes, old Adam is in love with her, and is in a fair way to have his flint fixed by this innocent Eve of a widder. No sooner out of widder's house than a *good lady* sends for him. He laments the gaiety of the town—it's useless for him

to contend against the current: he can only lament. How can invalids stand constant excitement? Tells a dreadful tale of distress of a poor orphan family, (not foundlin's, and he groans to think there should be such a word as a foundlin'; for doctors aint sent for to announce their arrival to town, but only ugly old nurses,) but children of pious Christian parents. He will introduce the Rev. Mr. Abel, of the next parish, a worthy young man (capital living, and great expectations): he will shew you where the family is. 'Is his wife with him?' 'Oh, Lord love you! he is not married, or engaged either!' The *good* lady is *better* already. 'Good bye! dear doctor; pray come soon agin and see me.'

"He is a cautious man—a prudent man—a 'cute man, he always writes the rich man's London Physician, and approves of all he has done. That doctor sends him

more dyin' men, next train, to give the last bleedin' to. It don't do to send your patients to a crittur that undervalues you, it tante safe. It might hurt you to have a feller goin' out of the world thinkin' you had killed him, and a-roarin' at you like mad, and callin' you every name he could lay his tongue to, it's enough to ruin practice. Doctor, therefore, is punctilious and gentleman-like, he aint parsonal, he praises every London doctor individually and separately, and only d—ns 'em all in a lump. There is a pic-nic, if you like. That will give you a chance to see the gals, and to flirt. There's an old ruin to visit and to sketch, and there's that big castle; there's the library and the fruit shop, and I don't know what all: there's everything a'most all the time, and what's better, new-comers every day. I can't say all this jist exactly comes up to the notch for me. It may

suit you, Squire, all this, but it don't altogether suit my taste, for, in the fust place, it tante always fust chop society there. I don't see the people of high life here jist as much as I am used to in my circles, unless they 're sick, and then they don't want to see me, and I don't want to see them. And in the next place I can't shake hands along with death all the time without gettin' the cold shivers. I don't mind old fellers goin' off the hook a bit, 'cause it's in the course of natur'. Arter a crittur can't enjoy his money, it's time he took himself off, and left it to some one that can; and I don't mind your dissipated chaps, who have brought it on 'emselves, for it sarves 'em right, and I don't pity 'em one mossel. That old sodger officer, now, with claret-coloured cheeks, who the plague cares about him? he aint no good for war, he is so short-winded and gouty; and aint no good for

peace, he quarrels so all day. Now if he 'd step off, some young feller would jist step in, that's all. And there's that old nabob there. Look at the curry powder and mullgatony soup a-peepin' through his skin. That feller exchanged his liver for gold. Well, it's no consarn of mine. I wish him joy of his bargain, that's all, and that I had his rupees when he is done with 'em. The worms will have a tough job of him, I guess, he's so dried with spices and cayenne. It tante that I am afeerd to face death, though, for I aint, but I don't like it, that's all. I don't like assyfittety, but I aint afeerd on it—Fear! Lord! a man that goes to Missarsippi like me, and can run an Alligator steamer right head on to a Sawyer, high pressure engine, valve sawdered down, three hundred passengers on board, and every soul in danger, aint a coward. It takes a *man*, Squire, I tell

you. No, I aint afeerd, and I aint spooney, nother; and though I don't like to see 'em, it don't sp'ile my sleep none, that's a fact. But there is folks here, that a feller wouldn't be the sixteenth part of a man if he didn't feel for with all *his* heart and soul. Look over there now, on that bench. Do you see that most beautiful gal there?—aint she lovely? How lily fair she is, and what a delicate color she has on her cheek; that aint too healthy and coarse, but interstin'-like, and in good taste, not strong contrasts of red and white like a milk maid, but jist touched by nature's own artist's brush, blended, runnin' one into the other, so you can't tell where one ends and t'other begins! And then her hair, how full and rich, and graceful them auburn locks be! aint they? That smile too! it's kinder melancholy sweet, and plays round the mouth, sort of subdued

like moonlight. But the eye, how mild and brilliant, and intelligent and good, it is! Now that's what I call an angel, that. Well, as sure as you and I are a-talkin', she is goin' to heaven afore long. I know that gal, and I actilly love her—I do indeed. I don't mean as to courtin' of her, for she wouldn't have the like of me on no account. She is too good for me or any other feller that's knocked about the world as I have. *Angels didn't visit the airth arter sin got in*, and one o' my spicy stories, or flash oaths, would kill her dead. She is more fitter to worship p'raps than love; but I love her, for she is so lovely, so good, so mild, so innocent, so clever. Oh! what a dear she is.

“Now, that gal is a-goin to die as sure as the world; she is in a consumption, and that does flatter so soft, and tantalizes so cruel, its dreadful. It pulls down to-night, and sots up to-morrow.

It comes with smiles and hopes, and graces, but all the time it's insinuat'ing itself, and it feeds on the inside till it's all holler like, and then to hide its murder, it paints, and rouges, and sets off the outside so handsum, no soul would believe it was at work. 'Vice imitates vartue,' Minister sais, but consumption imitates health, I tell you, and no mistake. Oh! when death comes that way, it comes in its worst disguise, to my eye, of all its masks, and veils, and hoods, and concealments, it has. Yes, she'll die! and then look at the lady alongside of her. Handsum woman too that, even now, tho' she is considerable older. Well, that's her mother—aint she to be pitied, poor crittur? Oh! how anxious she watches that leetle pet of her heart. One day she is sure she is better, and tells her so, and the gal thinks so too, and they are both happy. Next day mother sees somethin'

that knocks away all her hope, but she don't breathe it to no one livin'; keeps up all day before sick one, cheerful-like, but goes to bed at night and cries her soul out a'most, hopin' and fearin', submittin' and rebellin', prayin' and despairin', weepin' and rejoicin', and goin' from one extreme to t'other till natur' gets wearied and falls asleep. Oh! what a life is the poor mother's, what a death is the poor darter's! I don't know whether I pity that gal or not; sometimes I think I do, and then I think I pity myself, selfish like, that such a pure spirit should leave the airth, for it's sartin she is goin' to a better world; a world better fitted for her too, and havin' bein's in it more like herself than we be. But, poor mother! there is no mistake about her; I do pity her from the bottom of my heart. What hopes cut off! what affections torn down! fruit, branch, and all, bone of her bone,

flesh of her flesh, a piece and parcel of herself; all her care gone, all her wishes closed for ever, all her fears come true and sartin (and its a great matter to lose anythin' we have had trouble with, or anxiety about, for we get accustomed to trouble and anxiety, and miss it when it's gone). Then there's the world to come, for the mind to go a-wanderin', and a-spekilatin' in a great sea without shores or stars; we have *a compass*—that we have *faith in!* but still it's a fearful voyage. And then there is the world we live in, and objects we know, to think of; there is the crawlin' worm and the horrid toad, and the shockin' earwig, and vile corruption; and every storm that comes we think that those we loved and lost, are exposed to its fury. Oh! it's dreadful. I guess them wounds aint never quite cured. *Limbs that are cut off still leave their feelin' behind—the foot pains arter*

the leg is gone. Dreams come too, and dreams are always with the dead, as if they were livin'. It tante often we dream of the dead as dead, but as livin' bein's, for we can't realize death. Then mornin' dawns, and we start up in bed, and find it is only a dream, and larn that death is a fact, and not fancy. *Few men know what woman suffers, but it's only God above that knows the sufferin's of a mother.*

“It tante every one sees all this, but I see it all as plain as preachin’; I most wish sometimes I didn’t. I know the human heart full better than is good for me, I’m a-thinkin’. Let a man or woman come and talk to me, or let me watch their sayins’ and doin’s a few minutes, and I’ll tell you all about ’em right off as easy as big print. I can read ’em like a book, and mind I tell you, there’s many a shockin’ bad book in very elegant gold bindin’, full of what aint fit to be read;

and there's many a rael good work in very mean sheepskin covers. The most beautiful ones is women's. In, a gineral way mind I tell you the paper is pure white, and what's wrote in it is good penmanship and good dictionary. I love 'em—no man ever loved dear innocent gals as I do, 'cause I know how dear and innocent they be—but man—oh! there is many a black, dirty, nasty horrid sheet in his'n. Yes, I know human natur' too much for my own good, I am afeerd, sometimes. *Such is life in a Waterin' Place, Squire. I don't like it. The ill make me ill, and the gay don't make me gay—that's a fact. I like a place that is pleasant of itself, but not a place where pleasure is a business, and where that pleasure is to be looked for among the dyin' and the dead. No, I don't like a Waterin' Place!"*

CHAPTER XII.

THE EARL OF TUNBRIDGE.

“SQUIRE,” said Mr. Slick, “I am afeerd father is a little wrong in the head. He goes away by himself and stays all the mornin’, and when he returns refuses to tell me where he has been, and if I go for to press him, he gets as mad as a hatter. He has spent a shockin’ sight of money here. But that aint the worst of it nother, he seems to have lost his onderstandin’ too. He mutters to himself by the hour, and then suddenly springs up and struts about the room as proud as a peacock, and sings out—

‘Clear the way for the Lord!’ Sometimes I’ve thought the Irvinites had got hold of him, and sometimes that he is mesmerised, and then I’m afeerd some woman or another has got an eye on him to marry him. He aint quite himself that’s sartin. The devil take the legation, I say! I wish in my soul I had stayed to Nova Scotia a-vendin’ of clocks, and then this poor, dear old man wouldn’t have gone mad as he has. He came to me this mornin’, lookin’ quite wild, and lockin’ the door arter him, sot down and stared me in the face for the matter of five minutes without speakin’ a blessed word, and then bust out a-larfin like anythin’.

“‘Sam,’ sais he, ‘I wish you’d marry.’

“‘Marry,’ sais I, ‘why what on airth do I want of a wife, father?’

“‘I have my reasons, sir,’ sais he, ‘and that’s enough.’

“ ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘I have my reasons, sir, agin it, and that’s enough. I won’t.’

“ ‘You won’t, sir?’

“ ‘No, sir, I won’t.’

“ ‘Then I discard you, Sam. You are no longer a son of mine. Begone, sir!’

“ ‘Father,’ sais I, and I bust out a cryin’, for I couldn’t hold in no longer. ‘Father,’ sais I, ‘dear father, what ails you,—what makes you act so like a ravin’ distracted bed bug? I do believe in my soul you are possess’t. Now do tell me, that’s a dear, what makes you want me to marry?’

“ ‘Sam,’ sais he, ‘what brought me here, now jist tell me that, will you?’

“ ‘Ay, father,’ sais I, ‘what did bring you here, for that’s what I want to know?’

“ ‘Guess, Sam,’ sais he.

“ ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘to see me I s’pose a-movin’ in high life.’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘ Well, to establish a trade in beef under the new tariff.’

“ ‘ No.’

“ ‘ Well, in lard-ile, for that’s a great business now.’

“ ‘ No, its none o’ these things, so guess agin.’

“ ‘ Well,’ sais I, “ Father, I ’m most afeerd, tho’ I don’t like to hint it; but I’m most afeerd you are a-goin’ to speki-late in matrimony, seein’ that you are a widower now these five years past.’

“ ‘ Sam,’ sais he, ‘ you are a born fool,’ and then risin’ up quite dignified, ‘ do you think, sir, I have taken leave of my senses?’

“ ‘ Well,’ sais I, ‘ dear father, I ’m most thinkin’ you have, and that ’s a fact.’

“ ‘ So you think I ’m mad, do you, sir?’

“ ‘ Well, not ’xactly,’ sais I, ‘ but raelly now, I don’t think you are quite right in your mind.’

“ ‘ You scoundrel, you,’ sais he, ‘ do you know who I am ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, sir,’ sais I, ‘ you are father, at least mother told me so.’

“ ‘ Well, sir, she told you right, *I am* your father, and a pretty ondutiful son I have, too ; but I don’t mean that, do you know *who* I am ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, sir, Lieut.-Col. Slick, of Slickville, the Bunker Hill hero.’

“ ‘ I am, sir,’ sais he, ‘ a-drawin’ himself up, and most the only one now livin’ that seed that great and glorious battle, but do you know *what* I am ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, sir, dear old father gone as mad as a march hare.’

“ ‘ You almighty villain,’ sais he, ‘ who are you ; do you know that ? ’

“ ‘ Your son,’ sais I.

“ ‘ Yes, but *who* are *you* ? ’

“ ‘ I am Sam Slick, the Clockmaker,’ sais I, ‘ at least what is left of me.’

“ ‘You are no such a thing,’ sais he, ‘I’ll tell you *who* I am, and *what* you are. Get up you miserable skunk, and take off your hat, clear the way for the Lord. I am the Earl of Tunbridge, and you are Lord Van Shleek, my eldest son. Go down on your knees, sir, and do homage to your father the Right Honorable the Earl of Tunbridge.’

“ ‘Oh, father, father,’ sais I, ‘my heart is broke, I wish I was dead, only to think that you should carry on this way, and so far away from home, too, and before entire strangers. What on airth put that are crotchets into your head?’

“ ‘Providence, Sam, and the instinct of our Sal. In lookin’ over our family papers, of father and his father, she found we are descendants of General Van Shleek, that come over with King William the Dutchman, when he conquered England, and was created Airl of Tun-

bridge, as a reward for his heroic deeds. Well, in course, the Van Shleeks came over from Holland and settled near him, and my grandfather was a son of the first Lord's third brother, and bein' poor, emigrated to America. Well, in time the Peerage got dormant for want of an heir, and we bein' in America, and our name gettin' altered into Slick, that everlastin' tyrant George the Third, gave away the estate to a favourite. This, sir, is as clear as preachin', and I have come over to claim my rights. Do you onderstand that, sir? you degenerate son of a race of heroes! What made my veins b'ile over at Bunker Hill? The blood of the Van Shleeks!—What made me charge the British at Peach Orchard, and Mud Creek?—The blood of the Van Shleeks! What made me a hero and a gentleman?—The nobility that was in me! I feel it, sir, I feel it here,' puttin' his hand on

his side, 'I feel it here, beatin' at my heart now, old as I am, like a tattoo on a drum.—I am the rael Airl of Tunbridge.'

" 'Oh, dear, dear,' sais I, 'was the like of this ever heerd tell of afore?'

" 'Heerd of afore,' sais he, 'to be sure it has been. America was settled by younger sons, and in time all the great estates have come to 'em, but they have been passed over—forgotten—unknown—or cheated. Webster, sir, owns Battle Abbey, and is intarmined to have it, and he is a man that knows the law and can plead his own case. There can't be no manner of doubt our great author Cooper is the rael Airl of Shaftesbury. A friend of mine here, who knows all about estates and titles, told me so himself, and says for five pounds he could put him on the right track; and he is a man can be depended on, for he has helped many a

feller to his rights. You'd be astonished if you know'd how many of our folks are noblemen, or related to 'em very near. How can it be otherwise in natur'? How did they come by the same name if they warn't? The matter of five pounds, my friend sais, will do a good deal some times, provided it's done secret. In all these things, mum's the word;—no blar-tin'—no cacklin' afore layin' the egg, but as silent as the grave. Airl of Tunbridge! it don't sound bad, does it?'

“ ‘Well,’ sais I, ‘father,’ for I found opposite wouldn't do no longer;—‘well,’ sais I, ‘father it might be so in your case arter all.’

“ ‘Might be so!’ sais he; ‘I tell you it is so.’

“ ‘Well, I hope so,’ sais I, ‘but I feel overcome with the news, s'posin' we go to bed now, and we will talk it over to-morrow.’

“ ‘ Well,’ sais he, ‘ if you *can* sleep arter this, go to bed, but Sam, for heaven’s sake, sleep with General Wellington, and talk him over ; I don’t care a d—n for the Airl of Tunbridge, I want to change it. I want the title to be Bunker Hill, as he is of Waterloo. We are two old veteran heroes, and ought to be two great nobs together. Sleep with him, Sam, for heaven’s sake. And now,’ sais he, risin’, and takin’ the candle, ‘ open the door, sir, and clear the way for the Lord ——.’ ”

“ Oh, dear ! dear ! I am almost crazed myself, Squire, aint it shockin’ ? He was evidently very much distressed, I had never seen him so much moved before, and therefore endeavoured to soothe him as well as I could.”

“ Stranger things than that have happened,” I said, “ Mr. Slick. It is possible your father may be right, after all, although the proof to substantiate his claim

may be unattainable. It is not probable, certainly, but it is by no means impossible."

"Then you think there may be something in it, do you?"

"Unquestionably there may be, but I do not think there is."

"But you think there may be—eh?"

"Certainly, there may be."

After a long pause, he said, "I don't think so either, Squire; I believe it's only his ravin'; but if there was," striking his fist on the table with great energy, "by the 'tarnal I'd spend every cent I have in the world, to have my rights. No there is nothin' in it, but if there was, I'd have it if I died for it. Airl of Tunbridge! well it aint so coarse, is it? I wonder if the estate would come back too, for to my mind a title without the rael grit, aint worth much,—is it? Airl of Tunbridge!—heavens and airth! if I

had it, wouldn't I make your fortin, that's all; I hope I may be shot if I'd forget old friends. Lord! I'd make you Governor-Gineral to Canady, for you are jist the boy that's fit for it,—or Lord Nova Scotia; for why shouldn't colonists come in for their share of good things as well as these d—ned monopolists here, or anythin' you pleased a'most. Airl of Tunbridge!—Oh, it's all nonsense, it can't be true! The old man was always mad upon somethin' or another, and now he is mad on this p'int. I must try to drive it out of his head, that is, if it hante no bottom; but if it has, I'm jist the boy to hang on to it, till I get it, that's a fact. Well, there may be somethin' in it, as you say, arter all. I'll tell you what, there's no harm in inquiren', at any rate. I'll look into the story of the 'Airl of Tunbridge.' ”

CHAPTER XIII.

ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.

As we were sitting on one of the benches in the park at Richmond to-day, a liveried servant passed us, with an air of self-possession and importance that indicated the easy dependance of his condition, and the rank or affluence of his master.

“That,” said Mr. Slick, “is what I call ‘a rael English gentleman,’ now. He lives in a grand house, is well clad, well fed; lots of lush to drink, devilish little to do, and no care about corn laws, free-trade, blowed-up bankers, run-away law-

yers, smashed down tenants, nor nothin'. The mistress is kind to him, 'cause he is the son of her old nurse; and the master is kind to him 'cause his father and grandfather lived with *his* father and grandfather; and the boys are kind to him, 'cause he always takes their part; and the maids are kind to him, 'cause he is a plaguy handsome, free and easy feller, (and women always like handsum men, and impedent men, though they vow they don't); and the butler likes him, 'cause he can drink like a gentleman and never get drunk. His master has to attend certain hours in the House of Lords: he has to attend certain hours in his master's house. There aint much difference, is there? His master loses his place if the Ministry goes out; but he holds on to his'n all the same. Which has the best of that? His master takes the tour of Europe, so does he. His master makes

all the arrangements and pays all the expenses; he don't do either. Which is master or servant here? His young master falls in love with an Italian opera gal, who expects enormous presents from him; he falls in love with the bar-maid, who expects a kiss from him. One is loved for his money, the other for his good looks. Who is the best off? When his master returns, he has larned where the Alps is, and which side of them Rome is; so has he. Who is the most improved? Whenever it rains his master sighs for the sunny sky of Italy, and quotes Rogers and Byron. He d—ns the climate of England in the vernacular tongue, relies on his own authority, and at all events is original. The only difference is, his master calls the castle my house, he calls it our castle: his master says my park, and he says our park. It is more dignified to use the plural; kings

always do; it's a royal phrase, and he has the advantage here. He is the fust commoner of England too. The sarvants' hall is the House of Commons. It has its rights and privileges, and is plaguy jealous of them too. Let his master give any of them an order out of his line, and see how soon he votes it a breach of privilege. Let him order the coachman, as the horses are seldom used, to put them to the roller and roll the lawn. 'I can't do it, sir; I couldn't stand it, I should never hear the last of it; I should be called the rollin' coachman.' The master laughs; he knows prerogative is dangerous ground, that an Englishman values Magna Charta, and sais, 'Very well, tell farmer Hodge to do it.' If a vine that hides part of the gable of a coach-house, busts its bondage, and falls trailin' on the ground, he sais, 'John, you have nothin' to do, it wouldn't hurt you, when you see such a thing as

this loose, to nail it up. You see I often do such things myself, I am not above it.' 'Ah! it may do for *you*, sir; *you can* do it if you like, but *I* can't; I should lose caste, I should be called the gardener's coachman.' 'Well, well! you are a block-head; never mind.'

"Look at the lady's maid; she is twice as handsum as her mistress, because she worked when she was young, had plenty of exercise and simple diet, and kept early hours, and is full of health and spirits; she dresses twice as fine, has twice as many airs, uses twice as hard words, and is twice as proud too. And what has *she* to do? Her mistress is one of the maids in waitin' on the Queen; she is maid in waitin' on her mistress. Who has to mind her p's and q's most, I wonder? Her mistress don't often speak till she is spoken to to the palace; she speaks when she pleases. Her mistress

flatters delicately; she does the same if she chooses, and if not she don't take the trouble. Her mistress is expected to be affable to her equals, considerate and kind to her inferiors, and humane and charitable to the poor. All sorts of things are expected of and from her. But she can skrimage with her equals, be sarsy to her inferiors, and scorn to the poor if she likes. It is not her duty to do all these things, tho' it is her mistress's, and she stands on her rights. Her mistress's interest at court is solicited where she can do but little at last; the world overvalys it amazin'ly. Her interest with her mistress is axed for, where she can do a great deal. There is no mistake about that. Her mistress, when on duty, sais yes or no, as a matter of course. She can't go wrong if she follows the fogleman. There must be but one opinion at the palace. The decision of a Queen,

like that of a Pope, don't admit of no nonconcurrin'. But she can do as she pleases, and is equally sartin of success. She cries up her mistress's new dress, her looks, her enticin' appearance, her perfect elegance. She is agreeable, and a present rewards the honest thoughts of her simple heart. She disapproves the colour, the texture, the becomin'ness of the last new dress. It don't suit her complexion, it don't set well, it don't shew off the figure, it's not fit for her lady. She says she raelly thinks so, and she is seldom mistaken. The dress is condemned and given to her: she is safe any way.—Happy gal! remain as you be, till the butt eend of time: it's better to have a mistress than a master. Take a fool's advice for oncet, and never marry; whoever gits you will have his hands full in the halter-breakin', I know; who the devil could give you a mouth, keep

you from shyin' or kickin', or rearin', or boltin'? A mistress has a light bridle-hand, don't curb up too short, and can manage you easy: but a man—Lord a massy! you'd throw him the fust spring and klick you give, and break his neck, I know.—Oh! these are the gentlemen and ladies of England; these are the people for whom the upper and lower orders were born—one to find money and the other to work for 'em. Next to bein' the duke, I'd sooner be coachman to a gentleman that sports a four-in-hand than anythin' I know of to England: four spankin', sneezin', hosses that knows how to pick up miles and throw 'em behind 'em in style—g'long you skunks, and turn out your toes pretty—whist—that's the ticket;—streak it off like 'iled lightning, my fox-tails: skrew it up tight, lock down the safety valve, and clap all steam on, my busters; don't

touch the ground, jist skim it like hawks, and leave no trail; go a-head handsum, my old clays:—yes! the sarvants are the “Gentlemen of England,” they live like fightin’ cocks, and yet you hear them infarnal rascals—the radicals, callin’ these indulgent masters—tyrants, endeavourin’ to make these happy critturs hate the hand that feeds them, tellin’ these pampered gentlemen they are robbed of their rights, and how happy they’d all be if they lost their places, and only had vote by ballot and univarsal suffrage. What everlastin’ d—’d rascals they must be !”

“Sam,” said Mr. Hopewell, “I am surprised at you. I am shocked to hear you talk that way; how often must I reprove you for swearing?”

“Well, it’s enough to make a feller swear, to find critturs fools enough, rogues enough, and wicked enough, to cut apart

natural ties, to preach family treason, ill-will and hatred among men."

"Nothing is so bad, Sam," he replied, "as to justify swearing. Before we attempt to reform others we had better reform ourselves; a profane man is a poor preacher of morality."

"I know it is a foolish practice, Minister," said Mr. Slick, "and I've ginn it over this good while. I've never swore scarcely since I heard that story of the Governor to Nova Scotia. One of their Governors was a military man, a fine, kind-hearted, generous old veteran as ever was, but he swore, every few words he said, like anythin'; not profane-like or cross, but jist a handy sort of good-humoured oath. He kinder couldn't help it.

"One day on board the steam-boat a-crossin' the harbour to Dartmouth, I heerd the Squire here say to him, 'We ought to have another church to Halifax,

Sir Thomas,' sais he, 'somewhere in the neighbourhood of Government House. St. Paul's is not half large enough for the congregation.' 'So I think,' sais the Governor, and I told the Bishop so, but the Bishop sais to me,—I know that d—ned well, Sir Thomas, but where the devil is the money to come from? If I could find the means, by G—d you should soon have a church.'

"He never could tell a story without puttin' an oath into every one's mouth, whether it was a bishop or any one else. But oath or no oath, he was a good old man that, and he was liked by every man in the province, except by them its no great credit to be praised by."

"Your apologies, Sam," he said, "seldom mend the matter. Reproving you makes you offend more; it is like interrupting a man in speaking who wanders from his point, or who is arguing wrong,

you only lose time, for he speaks longer than he otherwise would. I won't reprove, therefore, but I ask your forbearance as a favor. Yes, I agree with you as to servants here, — I like the relative condition of master and servant in this country. There is something to an American or a colonist quite touching in it,—it is a sort of patriarchal tie. But alas! I fear it is not what it was,—as you say, the poison diffused through the country by reformers and radicals has done its work: it has weakened the attachment of the servant to his master; it has created mutual distrust, and dissolved in a great measure what I may call the family tie between them. Enfeebled and diluted, however, as the feeling is in general, it is still so different from what exists among us, that there is no one thing whatever that has come under my observation that has given me so much gratification as the relation of

master and servant,—the kindness and paternal regard of the one, and the affectionate and respectful attachment of the other. I do not say in all cases, because it is going out; it is not to be found among the mushroom rich—the cotton lords—the *novi homines, et hoc genus omne*; —but among the nobility and the old gentry, and some families of the middle classes, it is still to be found in a form that cannot be contemplated by a philanthropist without great satisfaction. In many cases the servants have been born on the estates, and their forefathers have held the same situation in the family of their master's ancestors as they do.

“ Their interests, their traditions, their feelings, and sympathies, are identified with those of the ‘house.’ They participate in their master's honors—they are jealous in supporting his rank, as if it was in part their own, and they

feel that their advancement is connected with his promotion. They form a class—from that class they do not expect or desire to be removed. Their hopes and affections, therefore, are blended with those of their employers. With us it is always a temporary engagement—hope looks beyond it—and economy furnishes the means of extrication. It is like a builder's contract,—he furnishes you with certain work—you pay a certain stipulated price; when the engagement is fulfilled, you have nothing further to say to each other. There is no favor conferred on either side.

“Punctuality, and not thanks are expected. It is a cold and mercenary bargain, in which there is a constant struggle; on one side to repress the advance of familiarity, and on the other to resist the encroachments of pride. The market price only is given by the

master, and of course the least service returned, that is compatible with the terms of the bargain. The supply does not equal the demand, and the quality of the article does not correspond with the price. Those who have been servants seldom look back with complacency on their former masters. They feel no gratitude to them for having furnished them with the means of succeeding in the world, but they regard them with dislike, because they are possessed of a secret which they would have to be forgotten by all,—that they once were household servants.

“As our population becomes more dense, this peculiarity will disappear, and the relation will naturally more nearly resemble that which exists in Europe. There has already been a decided improvement within the last twenty years from this cause. Yes! I like the rela-

tive condition of master and servant here amazingly — the kindness, mildness, indulgence and exactness of the master, — the cheerfulness, respectfulness, punctuality, and regard of the servant, — the strength, the durability, and the nature of the connexion. As I said before, there is a patriarchal feeling about it that touches me. I love them both.”

“Well, so do I too,” said Mr. Slick, “it’s a great comfort is a good help that onderstands his work and does it, and aint above it. I must say I don’t like to see a crittur sit down when I’m at dinner, and read the paper, like a Varmonter we had oncet. When father asked him to change a plate—‘Squire,’ sais he, ‘I came as a help, not as a sarvant; if you want one o’ them, get a Britisher, or a nigger. I reckon I am a free and enlightened citizen, as good as you be. Sarvants are critturs that don’t grow in our

backwoods, and if you take me for one you are mistaken in this, child, that's all. If you want me to work, I'll work; if you want me to wait on you, you'll wait for me a long time fust, I calkelate.' No, Squire, we hante got no sarvants, we've only got helps. The British have got sarvants, and then they are a 'nation sight better than helps, tho' they are a little proud and sarsy sometimes, but I don't wonder, for they are actilly *the Gentlemen of England*, that's a fact."

CHAPTER XIV.

ENGLISH NIGGERS.

“Yes,” said Mr. Slick, pursuing the same subject of conversation; “I like the English sarvant. Sarvice is a trade here, and a house help sarves an apprenticeship to it, is master of his work, and onderstands his business. He don’t feel kinder degraded by it, and aint therefore above it. Nothin’ aint so bad as a crittur bein’ above his business. He is a part of his master here. Among other folks’ sarvants he takes his master’s title. See these two fellers meet now, and hear them.— ‘Ah, Lothian! how are you?’ ‘All right; how are you, Douro? It’s an age since I

saw you.' Aint that droll now? A cotton-spinner's sarvant is a snob to these folks. He aint a man of fashion. They don't know him—he uses a tallow candle, and drinks beer; he aint a fit associate for one who uses a wax, and drinks wine. They have their rank and *position* in *society* as well as their masters, them fellers; and to my mind they are the best off of the two, for they have no care: Yes, they are far above our helps, I must say; but their misfortunate niggers here, are a long chalk below our slaves to the south, and the cotton-manufacturers are a thousand times harder task-masters than our cotton planters, that 's a fact."

"Negroes!" I said in some astonishment; "why, surely you are aware *we* have emancipated our negroes. *We* have no slaves."

"Come, Squire," said he, "now don't git your back up with me; but for good-

ness gracious sake, never say *we*. It would make folks snicker here to hear you say that. It's as bad as a sarvant sayin' 'our castle'—'our park'—'our pictur' gallery,' and so on. What right have you to say 'We?' You aint an Englishman, and old Bull won't thank you for your familiarity, I know. You had better say, 'Our army,' tho' you have nothin' to do with it; or 'our navy,' tho' you form no part of it; or 'our House of Lords,' and you can't boast one Lord; or 'our House of Commons,' and you hante a single blessed member there; or 'our authors,'—well, p'raps you may say that, because you are an exception: but the only reason you warn't shot, was, that you was the fust colonial bird that flew across the Atlantic, and you was saved as a curiosity, and will be stuffed some day or another, and stuck up in a museum. The next one will be pinked, for fear he

should cross the breed.—‘Our!’ heavens and airth! I wonder you hante too much pride to say that; it’s too sarvanty for the like o’ you. How can you call yourself a part of an empire, in the government of which you have no voice? from whose honours you are excluded, from whose sarvice you are shut out? by whom you are looked on as a consumer of iron and cotton goods, as a hewer of wood for the timber market, a curer of fish to freight their vessels—as worth havin’, because you afford a station for an admiral, a place for a governor, a command for a gineral; because, like the stone steps to a hall door, you enable others to rise, but never move yourselves. ‘Our!’ It makes me curl inwardly to hear you use that word ‘Our.’ I’ll tell you what a colonial ‘Our’ is. I’ll tell you what awaits you: in the process of a few years, after your death, all your family

will probably sink into the class of labourers. Some on 'em may struggle on for a while, and maintain the position you have; but it won't be long. Down, down, down they must go; rise they never can. It is as impossible for a colonist to rise above the surface, as for a stone to float on a river. Every one knows this but yourself, and that is the reason gentlemen will not go and live among you. They lose caste—they descend on the scale of life—they cease to be Romans. Din this for ever in the ears of British statesmen: tell them to make you Englishmen, or to give you a Royal Prince for a King, and make you a new people. But that to be made fun of by the Yankees, to be looked down upon by the English, and to be despised by yourselves, is a condition that you only deserve as long as you tolerate it. No, don't use that word 'Our' till you are entitled to it. Be formal, and ever-

lastin' polite. Say 'your' empire, 'your' army, &c.; and never strut under borrowed feathers, and say 'our,' till you can point to your own members in both houses of Parliament—to your own countrymen fillin' such posts in the imperial sarvice as they are qualified for by their talents, or entitled to in right of the population they represent; and if anybody is struck up of a heap by your sayin' 'yours' instead of 'ours,' tell them the reason; say—that was a lesson I learnt from Sam Slick, the clock-maker; and one thing is sartin, to give the devil his due, that feller was 'no fool,' at any rate. But to git back to what we was a-talkin' of. We have two kinds of niggers in the States—free niggers and slaves. In the north they are all free, in the south all in bondage. Now the free nigger may be a member of Congress, but he can't get there; he may be President, but he guesses he can't; and

he reckons right. He may marry Tyler's darter, but she won't have him; he may be ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Victoria, if he could be only appointed; or he may command the army or the navy if they'd only let him—that's his condition. The slave is a slave, and that's his condition. Now the English have two sorts of niggers—American colonists, who are free white niggers; and manufacturers' labourers at home, and they are white slave niggers. A white colonist, like our free black nigger, may be a member of Parliament, but he can't get there; he may *be* a governor, but he guesses he can't, and he guesses right; he may marry an English nobleman's darter, if she'd only have him; he may be an ambassador to our court at Washington, if he could be only appointed; he may command the army or the fleet, if he had the commission; and that's his condition.—A

colonist and a free nigger don't differ in anythin' but color: both have naked rights, but they have no power given 'em to clothe those rights, and that's the naked truth.

"Your blockheads of Liberals to Canada, are for ever yelpin' about 'sponsible government; if it was all they think it is, what would be the good of it? Now, I'll tell you the remedy. Don't repeal the Union, lay down your life fust, but have a closer union. Let 'em form a Colonial council board to London, and appoint some colonists to it, that they may feel they have some voice in the government of the empire. Let 'em raise provincial regiments, and officer them with natives, that you may have somethin' to do with the army. Let 'em have some man-of-war devoted to Colony offices, that you may have somethin' to do with the navy. All you 've got in

that line, is a miserable little cutter, paid by yourselves, commanded by one of yourselves, Captain Darby: and he has sot a proper pattern to your navy. He has seized more Yankee vessels in the last seven years for breakin' the fish treaty than all the admirals and all the squadrons on the American coast has, put together twice over. He and his vessel costs you a few hundred a-year; them fleets durin' that time has cost more nor all Halifax would sell for to-morrow, if put up to vandu. He desarves a feather in his cap from your Government, which he won't get, and a tar-jacket covered with feathers from us, which he is very likely to get. Yes, have some man-o'-war there with colony officers like him, then say 'our navy,' if you like. Remove the restrictions on colonial clergy, so that if they deserve promotion in the church to Britain, they needn't be shut out among

big bogs, black logs, and thick fogs, for ever and ever; and then it tante the Church of England, but 'our church.' If there is a feller everlastin' strong in a colony, don't make it his interest to wrastle with a Governor; but send him to another province, and make him one himself. Let 'em have a Member to Parliament, and he will be a safety valve to let off steam. It 's then 'our Parliament.' Open the door to youngsters, and let 'em see stars, ribbons, garters, coronets, and all a-hangin' up agin the wall, and when their mouths water, and they lick their chops as if they 'd like a taste of them, then say,—' Now d—n you, go a-head, and win 'em, and if you win the race you shall have 'em, and if you lose, turn to, import some gentlemen and improve the breed, and mind your trainin'; and try agin; all you got to do, is to win. Go a-head, I 'll bet on you, if you try.

Let 'death or victory' be your colony motto—Westminster Abbey or the House of Lords. Go a-head, my young 'coons, wake snakes, and walk your chalks, streak it off like 'iled lightenin', and whoever gets in first, wins. Yes, that 's the remedy. But now they have no chance.

“ Now, as to the manufacturin' slave, let's look at the poor devil, for I pity him, and I despise and hate his double-faced, iron-hearted, radical, villanous, low-bred, tyrant, of a master, as I do a rattlesnake. Oh ! he is different from all the sarvants in England ; all other sarvants are well off—most too well off, if anythin', for they are pampered. But these poor critturs ! oh ! their lot is a hard one—not from the Corn-laws, as their Radical employers tell 'em—not because they have not univarsal suffrage, as demagogues tell 'em—nor because there are Bishops who wear lawn sleeves instead

of cotton ones, as the Dissenters tell 'em, — but because there is a law of natur' violated in their case. The hawk, the shark, and the tiger ; the bird, the fish, and the beast, even the reasonin' brute, man, each and all feed, nurture, and protect, those they spawn, hatch, or breed. It's a law written in the works of God. They have it in instinct, and find it in reason, and necessity and affection are its roots and foundation. The manufacturer alone obeys no instinct, won't listen to no reason, don't see no necessity, and hante got no affections. He calls together the poor, and gives them artificial powers, unfits them for all other pursuits, works them to their utmost, fobs all the profits of their labour, and when he is too rich and too proud to progress, or when bad spekelations has ruined him, he desarts these unfortunate wretches whom he has created, used up, and ruined, and leaves

them to God and their country to provide for. But that aint all nother, he first sots them agin the House of God and his Ministers, (the only Church, too, in the whole world, that is the Church of the poor—the Church of England, the fust duty of which is to provide for the instruction of the poor at the expense of the rich,) and then he sots them agin the farmer, who at last has to feed and provide for them in their day of trouble. What a horrid system! he first starves their bodies, and then p'isens their minds—he ruins them, body and soul. Guess, I needn't tell you, what this gony is?—he is a Liberal; he is rich, and hates those that are richer; he is proud, and hates those of superior station. His means are beyond his rank; his education and breedin' is below that of the aristocracy. He aint satisfied with his own position, for he is able to vie with

his superiors; he is dissatisfied with theirs because he can't come it. He is ashamed to own this, his real motive, he therefore calls in principle to his aid. He is then, from principle, a Reformer, and under that pretty word does all the mischief to society he can.

"Then comes to his aid, for figures of speech, the bread of the poor, the starvin' man's loaf, the widder's mite, the orphan's mouldy crust. If he lowers the price of corn, he lowers wages. If he lowers wages, he curtails his annual outlay; the poor is made poorer, but the unfortunate wretch is too ignorant to know this. He is made richer himself, and he is wide awake. It won't do to say all this, so he ups with his speakin' trumpet, and hails principle agin to convoy him. He is an Anti - Corn - Law leaguer on principle, he is agin agricultural monopoly, the protective system,

the landed gentry. He is the friend of the poor. What a super-superior villain he is!—he first cheats and then mocks the poor, and jist ups and asks the blessin' of God on his enterprise, by the aid of fanatical, furious, and seditious strollin' preachers. Did you ever hear the like of that, Squire?"

"Never," I said, "but once."

"And when was that?"

"Never mind—go on with your description; you are eloquent to-day."

"No; I won't go on one single blessed step if you don't tell me,—it's some fling at us I know, or you wouldn't hum and haw that way. Now, come out with it—I'll give you as good as you send, I know. What did you ever know equal to that?"

"I knew your Government maintain lately, that on the high seas the flag of *liberty* should protect a cargo of *slaves*. It just occurred to me, that liberty at

the *mast-head*, and slavery in *the hold*, resembled the conduct of the manufacturer, who, while he oppressed the poor, affected to be devoted to their cause."

"I thought so, Squire, but you missed the mark that time, so clap in another ball, and try your hand agin. The Prince de Joinville boarded one o' your gun brigs not long ago (mind you, not a tradin' vessel, but a man-o'-war) and took her pilot out of her to steer his ship. Now if your naval man had a-seized the French officer by the cape of his coat with one hand, and the seat of his breeches with the other, and chucked him head and heels overboard, and taught him the new game of leap *Frog*, as he had ought to have done, you'd a know'd a little better than to ax us to let your folks board our vessels. It don't become you British to talk about right o' sarch arter that. I guess we are even now—aint we? Yes, I pity

these poor ignorant devils, the English niggers, I do from my soul. If our slaves are old, or infirm, or ill, their master keeps them, and keeps them kindly too. It is both his interest to take care of their health, and his duty to provide for 'em if ill. He knows his niggers, and they know him. They don't work like a white man. They know they must be fed, whether they work or not. White niggers know they must starve if they don't. Our fellers dance and sing like crickets. Your fellers' hearts is too heavy to sing, and their limbs too tired to dance. A common interest binds our master and slave. There is no tie between the English factor and his nigger. He don't know his men by sight—they don't know him but by name. Our folks are and must be kind. Yours aint, and needn't be. They pretend then, and in that pretence become powerful, 'cause they have the masses with them. Cunnin'

as foxes them critturs, too. They know some one would take up the cause of them niggers, and therefore they put them on a false scent—pretend to fight their battles and, instead of waitin' to be attacked, fall to and attack the poor farmer; while the owners of England, therefore, are a-defendin' of themselves from the onjust charge of oppressin' the poor, these critturs are plunderin' the poor like winky. Ah! Squire, they want protectin'—there should be cruisers sent into those manufacturin' seas. The hulks there are under your own flag—board them—examine them. If the thumb-screws are there, tuck up some of the cotton Lords with their own cotton ropes—that's the ticket, sir; ventilate the ships—see the owners have laid in a good stock of provisions for a long voyage, that the critturs aint too crowded, that they have prayers every Sunday."

"Very good, Sam," said Mr. Hopewell;

“your heart’s in the right place, Sam. I like to hear you talk that way; and let the chaplain not be the barber or shoemaker, but a learned, pious, loyal man of the Church of England; let him——”

“Let them,” said Mr. Slick, “take care no crittur talks mutinous to them—no chartism—no radicalism—no agitation—no settin’ of them agin their real friends, and p’isonin’ of their minds. If there is any chaps a-doin’ of this, up with them in a minute, and let the boatswain lay three dozen into ’em, in rael wide awake airnest; and while they are in hospital, get some of the cheap bread they talk so much about. (Did you ever see it, Squire? it’s as black as if it had dropt into a dye-tub—as coarse as saw-dust—so hard, mould can’t grow over it, and so infarnal poor, insects can’t eat it.) Yes, send to the Baltic for this elegant cheap bread—this wonderful blessin’—this cure

for all evils, and make 'em eat it till their backs is cured. Tell old Joe Sturge to look to home afore he talks of the States; for slave ships aint one mossel wuss than some of the factories under his own nose.

“Ah! Squire, Peel has a long head, Muntz has a long beard, and John Russell has a cussed long tongue; but head, tongue, and beard, put together, aint all that's wanted. There wants a heart to feel, a head to conceive, and a resolution to execute, the protection for these poor people. It aint cheap bread, nor ballot, nor reform, nor chartism, nor free-trade, nor repealin' unions, nor such nonsense, that they want. When a man collects a multitude of human bein's together, and founds a factory, the safety of the country and the interests of humanity require there should be some security taken for the protection of the misfortunate 'English Niggers.'”

CHAPTER XV.

INDEPENDENCE.

MR. HOPEWELL, who was much struck with the Attaché's remarks in the last chapter, especially those in reference to the colonies, pursued the same subject again to-day.

"Squire," said he, "if Great Britain should withdraw her protection from the North American provinces, as I fear she will at no distant period, would they form a separate nation, or become incorporated with us? This is a serious question, and one that should be well considered. There is a kindness, and yet a perverseness, about English rule in America, that is perfectly astonishing. Their liberality is

unbounded, and their indulgence unexampled; but there is a total absence of political sagacity, no settled principles of Colonial Government, and no firmness and decision whatever. The result cannot be but most disastrous. They seem to forget that the provinces are parts of a monarchy; and instead of fostering monarchical principles, every step they take tends not only to weaken them, but to manifest a decided preference for republican ones. Demagogues discovering this weakness and vacillation of their rulers, have found by experience, that agitation is always successful; that measures of concession or conciliation are the sure and certain fruits of turbulence; and that, as loyalty can always be depended upon, its claims are sure to be sacrificed to those whose adhesion it is necessary to purchase. To satisfy these democrats, and to gratify their ambition, the upper houses

of the Legislature have been rendered a mere nullity ; while the popular branches have encroached in such a manner upon the executive, as to render the Governor little more than a choice of being the intriguing head, or the degraded tool of a party. If they succeed in the present struggle in Canada, he will be virtually superseded ; the real governor will be the leading demagogue, and the nominal one will have but two duties left to fulfil, namely, to keep a good table for the entertainment of his masters, and to affix his name to such documents as may be prepared and presented for his signature. Rebellion will then have obtained a bloodless victory, and the colonies will be independent."

"D—n them !" said Colonel Slick ; "they don't deserve to be free. Why don't they disguise themselves as Indjins, as we did, and go down to the wharf,

board the cutter, and throw the tea into the harbour, as we did? Creation! man, they don't deserve to be free, the cowards! they want to be independent, and they darsn't say so."—And he went out of the room, muttering, "that there never was, and never could be, but one Bunker Hill."

"The loyal, the right-minded British party in the colonies," continued Mr. Hope-well, "are discouraged and disheartened by the countenance and protection shewn to these unprincipled agitators. These are things obvious to all the world, but there are other causes in operation which require local experience and a knowledge of the human mind to appreciate properly. Great Britain is a trading country and values everything by dollars and cents, as much as we do; but there are some things beyond the reach of money. English statesmen flatter themselves that if they

abstain from taxing the colonies, if they defend them by their fleets and armies, expend large sums on canals and railroads, and impose no part of the burden of the national debt upon them, they will necessarily appreciate the advantages of such a happy condition; and, in contrasting it with that of the heavy public exactions in the States, feel that it is both their duty and their interest to be quiet. These are sordid considerations, and worthy of the counting-house in which Poulett Thompson learned his first lessons in political economy. Most colonists are native born British subjects, and have, together with British prejudices, British pride also. They feel that they are to the English what the English are to the Chinese, outer barbarians. They observe, with pain and mortification, that much of the little local patronage is reserved for Europeans; that when natives are ap-

pointed to office by the Governor, in many cases they have hardly entered upon their duties, when they are superseded by persons sent from this side of the water, so vastly inferior to themselves in point of ability and moral character, that they feel the injury they have sustained is accompanied by an insult to the community. The numerous instances you have mentioned to me in the Customs Department, to which I think you said Nova Scotia paid eight thousand pounds a-year, fully justify this remark, and some other flagrant instances of late in the Post-office, you admit have been keenly felt from one end of your province to the other. While deprived of a part of the little patronage at home, there is no external field for them whatever. It would be a tedious story to enter into details, and tell you how it arises, but so it is, the imperial service is practically closed to them. The

remedy just proposed by Sam is the true one. They feel that they are surrounded by their superiors, not in talent or education, but by those who are superior to them in interest. That they present a field for promotion to others, but have none for themselves. As time rolls on in its rapid but noiseless course, they have opportunities offered to them to measure their condition with others. To-day the little unfledged ensign sports among them for the first time, in awkward consciousness, his new regimentals, passes away to other colonies, in his tour of duty, and while the recollection of the rosy boy is yet fresh in their memories, he returns, to their amazement, in command of a regiment. The same circle is again described, and the General commanding the forces receives the congratulations of his early friends. The wheel of fortune again revolves, and the ensign ripens into a go-

vernor. Five years of Gubernatorial service in a colony, are reckoned five years of exile among the barbarians, and amount to a claim for further promotion. He is followed by the affectionate regard of those among whom he lived, into his new sphere of duty, and in five years more he informs them he is again advanced to further honours. A colonist naturally asks himself, how is this? When I first knew these men I was toiling on in my present narrow sphere, they stopped and smiled, or pitied my humble labours, and passed on, sure of success; while here I am in the same position, not only without a hope but without a possibility of rising in the world; and yet who and what are they? I have seen them, heard them, conversed with them, studied them, and compared them with ourselves. I find most of us equal in information and abilities, and some infinitely superior to them.

Why is this? Their tone and manner pain me too. They are not rude, but their manner is supercilious; they do not intentionally offend, but it would seem as if they could not avoid it. My country is spoken of as their exile, their sojourn as a page of life obliterated, the society as by no means so bad as they had heard, but possessing no attractions for a gentleman, the day of departure is regarded as release from prison; and the hope expressed that this 'Foreign Service,' will be rewarded as it deserves. All that they feel and express on this subject is unhappily too true. *It is no place for a gentleman*; the pestilential blasts of democracy, and the cold and chilly winds from Downing Street, have engendered an atmosphere so uncongenial to a gentleman, that he feels he cannot live here. Yes! it is too true, the race will soon become extinct.

“Why, then, is the door of promotion not open to me also,” he inquires, “as it is the only hope left to me. Talk not to me of light taxes, I despise your money; or of the favour of defending me, I can defend myself. I, too, have the ambition to command, as well as the forbearance to obey. Talk of free trade to traders, but of honourable competition in the departments of State, to gentlemen. Open your senate to us, and receive our representatives. Select some of our ablest men for governors of other colonies, and not condemn us to be always governed. It can be no honour to a people to be a part of your empire, if they are excluded from all honour; even bondsmen sometimes merit and receive their manumission. May not a colonist receive that advancement to which he is entitled by his talents, his public services, or his devotion to your cause? No one doubts

your justice; the name of an Englishman is a guarantee for that: but we have not the same confidence in your information as to our condition. Read history and learn! In the late rebellion, Sir John Colbourne commanded two or three regiments of British troops. Wherever they were detached they behaved as British soldiers do upon all occasions, with great gallantry and with great skill. His arrangements were judicious, and upon two or three occasions where he attacked some small bodies of rebels he repulsed or dispersed them. He was acting in the line of his profession, and he performed a duty for which he was paid by his country. He was rewarded with the thanks of Parliament, a peerage, a pension, and a government. A colonist at the same time, raised a body of volunteers from an irregular and undisciplined militia, by the weight of his personal

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character and influence ; and with prodigious exertion and fatigue traversed the upper province, awakened the energies of the people, and drove out of the country both native rebels and foreign sympathizers. *He saved the colony.* He was not acting in the line of his profession, nor discharging a duty for which he was paid by his country. He was rewarded by a reluctant and barren grant of knighthood. Don't misunderstand me—I have no intention whatever of undervaluing the services of that excellent man and distinguished officer, Sir John Colbourne, — he earned and deserved his reward ; but what I mean to say, is, the colonist has not had the reward that he earned and deserved — ‘*Ex uno disce omnes.*’

“The American Revolution has shown you that colonists can furnish both generals and statesmen ; take care and encourage their most anxious desire to furnish them to you, and do not drive them to act

against you. Yet then, as now, you thought them incapable of any command ; we have had and still have men of the same stamp ; our cemeteries suggest the same reflections as your own. The moralist often says :—

‘ Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

‘ The applause of listening senates to command ;
The threats of pain and ruin to despise ;
To scatter plenty o’er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation’s eyes.

‘ Their lot forbad.—’

“ Whether the lot of the present generation will also forbid it, you must decide— or circumstances may decide it for you. Yes, Squire, this is an important subject, and one that I have often mentioned to you. Instead of fostering men of talent, and endeavouring to raise an order of superior men in the country, so that in them the aristocratic feeling which is so peculiarly monarchical may take root and

flourish ; Government has repressed them, sacrificed them to demagogues, and reduced the salaries of all official men to that degree, that but suited the ravenous envy of democracy. Instead of building up the second branch, and the order that is to furnish and support it, everything has been done to lower and to break it. In proportion as they are diminished, the demagogue rises when he in his turn will find the field too limited, and the reward too small ; and, unrestrained by moral or religious feeling, having no principles to guide, and no honour to influence him, he will draw the sword as he has done, and always will do, when it suits his views, knowing how great the plunder will be if he succeeds, and how certain his pardon will be if he fails. He has literally everything to gain and nothing to loose in his struggle for 'Independence.'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EBB TIDE.

TO-DAY Mr. Slick visited me as usual, but I was struck with astonishment at the great alteration in his dress and manner—I scarcely knew him at first, the metomorphos was so great. He had shaved off his moustache and imperial, and from having worn those military appendages so long, the skin they had covered not being equally exposed to the influence of the sun as other parts of his face, looked as white as if it had been painted. His hair was out of curl, the diamond broach had disappeared from his bosom, the gold chain from his neck, and the brilliant from his

finger. His attire was like that of other people, and, with the exception of being better made, not unlike what he had worn in Nova Scotia. In short he looked like himself once more.

"Squire," said he, "do you know who I am?"

"Certainly; who does not know you? for you may well say 'not to know me, argues thyself unknown.'"

"Aye, but do you know *what* I am?"

"An *attaché*," I said.

"Well, I aint, I've given that up—I've resigned—I aint no longer an *attaché*; I'm Sam Slick, the clockmaker, agin—at least what's left of me. I've recovered my eyesight—I can see without glasses now. You and Minister have opened my eyes, and what you couldn't do father has done. Father was madder nor me by a long chalk. I've been a fool, that's a fact. I've had my head turned; but, thank fortin', I've got it

straight agin. I should like to see the man now that would pull the wool over my eyes. I've been made a tiger and——”

“Lion you mean, a tiger is a term applied to ——”

“ Exactly, so it is; I meant a lion. I've been made a lion of, and makin' a lion of a man is plaguy apt to make a fool of a feller, I can tell you. To be asked here, and asked there, and introduced to this one, and introduced to that one, and petted and flattered, and made much of, and have all eyes on you, and wherever you go, hear a whisperin' click with the last letters of your name—ick—lick—Slick—accordin' as you catch a part or a whole of the word; to have fellers listen to you to hear you talk, to see the papers full of your name, and whenever you go or stay or return, to have your motions printed. The celebrated Sam Slick—the popular Mr. Slick—the immortal Clock-

maker — that distinguished moralist and humourist — that great judge of human natur', Mr. Slick ; or to see your phiz in a winder of a print-shop, or in a wood-cut in a picturesque paper, or an engine on a railroad called arter you ; or a yacht, or vessel, or racehorse, called Sam Slick. Well, it's enough to make one a little grain consaited, or to carry his head high, as a feller I oncet knew to Slickville, who was so everlastin' consaited, and cocked his chin up so, he walked right off the eend of a wharf without seein' the water, and was near about drowned, and sp'iled all his bran new clothes. Yes, I've had my head turned a bit, and no mistake, but it hante been long. I know human natur', and read the human heart too easy, to bark long up a wrong tree. I soon twigged the secret. One wanted to see me, whether I was black or white ; another wanted to

brag that I dined with 'em; a third wanted me as a decoy bird to their table, to entice others to come; a fourth, 'cause they made a p'int of havin' distinguished people at their house; a fifth, 'cause they sot up for patrons of literary men; a sixth, 'cause they wanted colony politics; a seventh, 'cause it give 'em something to talk of. But who wanted me for myself? Sam Slick, a mechanic, a retail travellin' trader, a wooden clockmaker. 'Aye,' sais I, to myself sais I, 'who wants you for yourself, Sam,' sais I; 'books, and fame, and name out of the question, but jist 'Old Slick, the Yankee Pedlar?' D—n the one o' them,' sais I. I couldn't help a-thinkin' of Hotspur Outhouse, son of the clerk to Minister's church to Slickville. He was sure to git in the wind wherever he went, and was rather touchy when he was that way, and a stupid feller too. Well, he was axed everywhere

a'most, jist because he had a'most a beautiful voice, and sung like a canary bird. Folks thought it was no party without Hotspur—they made everythin' of him. Well, his voice changed, as it does sometimes in men, and there was an eend of all his everlastin' splendid singin'. No sooner said than done—there was an eend to his invitations too. All at oncet folks found out he was a'most a horrid stupid crittur; wondered what anybody ever could have seed in him to ax him to their houses—such a nasty, cross, quarrelsome, good-for-nothin' feller. Poor Hotspur! it nearly broke his heart. Well, like Hotspur, who was axed for his singin', I reckon I was axed for the books; but as for me, myself, Sam Slick, why nobody cared a pinch of snuff. The film dropt right off my eyes at oncet—my mind took it all in at a draft, like a glass of lignum vity.—Tell you where the mistake was,

Squire, and I only claim a half of it—t'other half belongs to the nobility. It was this: I felt, as a free and enlightened citizen of our great nation, on a footin' of equality with any man here, and so I was. Every noble here looks on a republican as on a footin' with the devil. We didn't start fair, if we was, I aint afeerd of the race, I tell you. I guess they're got some good stories about me to larf at, for in course fashions alters in different places. I've dressed like them, and tried to talk like them, on the principle, that when a feller is in Turkey, he must do as the Turkeys do ; or when they go from Canady to Buffalo, do as the Buffaloes do. I have the style of a man of fashion, of the upper crust circles, and can do the thing now as genteel as any on 'em ; but in course, in larnin', I put my foot in it sometimes, and splashed a little of the nastiest. It stands to reason, it couldn't be otherwise. I'll

tell you what fust sot me a considerin'— I saw Lady ——, plague take her name, I forgit it now, but you know who I mean, it's the one that pretends to be so fond of foreigners, and tries to talk languages— Gibberish! oh! that's her name. Well, I saw Lady Gibberish go up to one of my countrywomen, as sweet as sugar-candy, and set her a-talkin', jist to git out of her a few Yankee words, and for no other airthly purpose, (for you know we use some words different from what they do here), and then go off, and tell the story, and larf ready to kill herself. 'Thinks,' sais I, 'I'll take the change out of you, marm, for that, see if I don't; I'll give you a story about yourself you'll have to let others tell for you, for you won't like to retail it out yourself, I know.'—Well, Lady Gibberish, you know, warn't a noble born; she was a rich citizen's daughter, and, in course, horrid proud of nobility,

'cause its new to her, and not nateral; for in a gineral way, nobles, if they have pride, lock it up safe in their jewel case;—they don't carry it about with them, on their persons; its only bran new made ones do that. Well, then, she is dreadful fond of bein' thought to know languages, and hooks on to rich foreigners like grim death. So thinks I, I'll play you off, I know. Well, my moustache (and he put up his hand involuntarily, to twist the end of it, as he was wont to do, forgetting that it was a 'tale that was told'), my moustache," said he, "that was, jist suited my purpose, so I goes to Gineral Bigelow Bangs, of Maine, that was here at the time, and sais I, 'Gineral,' sais I, 'I want to take a rise out of Lady Gibberish; do you know her?' 'Well, I won't say I don't,' sais he. 'Well,' sais I, (and I told him the whole story) 'jist introduce me, that's

a good feller, will you, to her, as Baron Von Phunjoker, the everlastin' almighty rich German that has estates all over Germany, and everywhere else a'most.' So up he goes at a great swoira party at 'the Duke's,' and introduces me in great form, and leaves me. Well, you know I've heerd a great deal of Dutch to Albany, where the Germans are as thick as huckle berries, and to Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, which is German all thro' the piece, and I can speak it as easy as kiss my hand; and I've been enough in Germany, too, to know what to talk about. So she began to jabber Jarman gibberish to me, and me to her; and when she axed me about big bugs to the Continent, I said I had been roamin' about the world for years, and had lost sight of 'em of late; and I told her about South Sea, where I had been, and America, and led her on to larf at the

Yankees, and so on. Then she took my arm, and led me round to several of her friends, and introduced me as the Baron Von Phunjoker, begged me to call and see her, to make her house my home, and the devil knows what all; and when she seed Ginerall Bangs arterwards, she said I was the most delightful man she ever seed in her life,—full of anecdote, and been everywhere, and seen everythin', and that she liked me all all things—the dearest and handsomest man that ever was. The story got wind that the trick had been played, but the Ginerall was off to Eastport, and nobody know'd it was me that was Baron Phunjoker. When she sees me, she stares hard, as if she had her misgivin's, and was doubty; but I look as innocent as a child, and pass on. Oh! it cut her up awful. When I leave town I shall call and leave a card at her house, 'the

Baron Von Phunjoker.' Oh! how the little Yankee woman larfed at the story; she fairly larfed till she wet herself a-cryin'.

"Yes, Squire, in course, I have sometimes put my foot in it. I s'pose they may have a larf at my expense arter I am gone, but they are welcome to it. I shall have many a larf at them, I know, and a fair exchange aint no robbery. Yes, I guess I am out of place as an *attaché*, but it has enabled me to see the world, has given me new wrinkles on my horn, and sharpened my eye-teeth a few. I shall return home with poor old father, and, dear old soul, old Minister, and take up the trade of clockmakin' agin. There is a considerable smart chance of doin' business to advantage to China. I have contracted with a house here for thirty thousand wooden clocks, to be delivered at Macao. I shall make a good spec' of it,

and no mistake. And well for me it is so too, for you have sp'iled the trade everywhere a'most. Your books have gone everywhere, and been translated everywhere; and who would buy clocks now, when the secret of the trade is out; if you know, I don't. China is the only place open now, and that won't be long, for Mr. Chew-chew will take to readin', bime-by, and then I'm in a basket there too. Another thing has entarmined me to go. Poor dear father has been regularly took in by some sharper or another. What fetched him here was a letter from a swindler, (marked private,) tellin' him to send five pounds and he'd give him tidin's of a fortin and a title. Well, as soon as he got that, he writes agin, and tells him of his title and estates, so plausible, it actilly took me in when I fust heard of it. Then he got him over here, and bled him till he couldn't bleed no longer, and then

he absquotilated. The story has got wind, and it makes me so dandry, I shall have to walk into some o' them folks here afore I've done, if I stay. Father is most crazy; sometimes he is for settin' the police to find the feller out, that he may shoot him; and then he says it's every word true, and the man is only absent in s'archin' out record. I'm actilly afraid he'll go mad, he acts, and talks, and frets, and raves, and carries on so. I hope they won't get the story to home to Slickville; I shall never hear the last of it if they do.

“Minister, too, is gettin' oneasy; he sais he is too far away from home, for an old man like him; that his heart yearns arter Slickville; that here he is a-doin' o' nothin',—and that although he couldn't do much there, yet he could try to, and the very attempt would be acceptable to his Heavenly Master. What a brick he is! aint he? it will be one while afore they

see his like here agin, in these clearin's, I know.

“Yes, all things have their flood and their ebb. It's ebb tide here now. I have floated up stream smooth and grand; now it's a turn of the tide; if I stay too long I shall ground on the flats, and I'm for up killoch and off, while there is water enough to clear the bars and the shoals.

“Takin' the earliest tide, helps you to go furdest up the river; takin' the earliest ebb, makes you return safe. A safe voyage shows a good navigator and a good pilot. I hope on the voyage of life I shall prove myself both; but to do so, it is necessary to keep about the sharpest look-out for 'the Ebb Tide.'”

CHAPTER XVII.

EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

OUR arrangements having been all finished, we set out from London, and proceeded to Liverpool, at which place my friends were to embark for America. For many miles after we left London, but little was said by any of the party. Leaving a town that contained so many objects of attraction as London, was a great trial to Mr. Slick, and the separation of our party, and the termination of our tour, pressed heavily on the spirits of us all, except the Colonel. He became impatient at last at the continued silence, and turning to me, asked me if ever I

had been at a Quaker meeting, "because if you haven't," he said, "you had better go there, and you will know what it is to lose the use of your tongue, and that's what I call *experimental philosophy*. Strange country this, Minister, aint it? How shockin' full of people, and hosses, and carriages, and what not, it is. It ought to be an amazin' rich country, but I doubt that."

"It's not only a great country, but a good country, Colonel," he replied. "It is as good as it is great, and its greatness, in my opinion, is founded on its goodness. 'Thy prayers and thy alms have come up as a memorial for thee before God.'"

"And do you raelly think, now, Minister," he replied, "that that's the cause they have gone a-head so?"

"I do," he said; "it's with nations as with individuals: sooner or later they

are overtaken in their iniquity, or their righteousness meets its reward."

"That's your *experimental philosophy*, then, is it?"

"Call it what name you will, that is my fixed belief."

"The British, then, must have taken to prayin' and alms-givin' only quite lately, or the Lord wouldn't a-suffered them to get such an almighty everlastin' whip-pin' as we give 'em to Bunkers Hill, or as old Hickory give 'em to New Orleans. Heavens and airth! how we laid it into 'em there: we waited till we seed the whites of their eyes, and then we let 'em have it right and left. They larnt *experimental philosophy* (as the immortal Franklin called it) that time, I know."

"Colonel," said Mr. Hopewell, "for an old man, on the verge of the grave, exulting over a sad and stern necessity like that battle,—for that is the mildest name

such a dreadful effusion of human blood can claim,—appears to me but little becoming either your age, your station, or even your profession.”

“Well, Minister,” he said, “you are right there too ; it is foolish, I know, but it was a great deed, and I do feel kinder proud of it, that’s a fact ; not that I haven’t got my own misgivin’s sometimes, when I wake up in the night, about its lawfulness ; not that I am afraid of ghosts, for d—n me, if I am afraid of any thin’ livin’ or dead ; I don’t know fear—I don’t know what it is.”

“I should think not, Colonel, not even the fear of the Lord.”

“Oh ! as for that,” he said, “that’s a hoss of another colour ; it’s no disgrace to be cowardly there ; but as for the lawfulness of that battle, I won’t deny I hante got my own *experimental philosophy* about it sometimes. I’d like to argue that over

a bottle of cider, some day with you, and hear all the pros and cons, and debtors and creditors, and ins and outs, that I might clear my mind on that score. On the day of that battle, I had white breeches and black gaiters on, and my hands got bloody liftin' up Lieutenant Weatherspoon, a tailor from our town, arter he got a clip on the shoulder from a musket ball. Well, he left the print of one bloody hand on my legs—and sometimes I see it there now; not that I am afeerd on it, for I'd face man or devil. A Bunker Hill boy is afeerd of nothin'. He knows what *experimental philosophy* is.—Did you ever kill a man, Minister?"

"How can you ask such a question, Colonel Slick?"

"Well, I don't mean no offence, for I don't suppose you did; but I jist want you to answer, to show you the *experimental philosophy* of the thing."

"Well, sir, I never did."

“Did you ever steal?”

“Never.”

“Did you ever bear false witness agin your neighbour?”

“Oh! Colonel Slick, don't go on that way.”

“Well, oncet more; did you ever covet your neighbour's wife? tell me that now; nor his servant, nor his maid?—As to maidens, I suppose it's so long ago, you are like myself that way—you don't recollect?—Nor his hoss, nor his ox, nor his rifle, nor anythin' that's his?—Jim Brown, the black preacher, says there aint no asses to Slickville.”

“He was under a mistake, Colonel,” said Mr. Hopewell. “He was one himself, and if he had searched he would have found others.”

“And therefore he leaves 'em out, and puts in the only thing he ever did envy a man, and that's a good rifle.”

“Colonel Slick,” said Mr. Hopewell, “when I say this style of conversation is distasteful to me, I hope you will see the propriety of not pursuing it any further.”

“You don’t understand me, sir, that’s the very thing I’m goin’ to explain to you by *experimental philosophy*. Who the devil would go to offend you, sir, intentionally? I’m sure I wouldn’t, and you know that as well as I do; and if I seed the man that dare do it, I’d call him out, and shoot him as dead as a herrin’. I’ll be cussed if I wouldn’t. Don’t kick afore you’re spurred, that way.—Well, as I was a-sayin’, you never broke any of the commandments in all your life—”

“I didn’t say that, sir! far be such presumption from me. I never—”

“Well, you may a-bent some o’them considerable, when you was young; but you never fairly broke one, I know.”

“Sam,” said Mr. Hopewell, with an

imploring look, "this is very disagreeable—very."

"Let him be," said his son, "he don't mean no harm—it's only his way. Now, to my mind, a man ought to know by *experimental philosophy* them things; and then, when he talked about stings o' conscience, and remorse, and so on, he'd talk about somethin' he knowed.—You've no more stings o' conscience than a baby has—you don't know what it is. You can preach up the pleasure of bein' good better nor any man I ever seed, because you know that, and nothin' else—its all flowers, and green fields, and purlin' streams, and shady groves, and singin' birds, and sunny spots, and so on with you. You beat all when you git off on that key; but you can't frighten folks out of their seventeen sinses, about scorpion whips, and vultur's tearin' hearts open, and torments of the wicked here, and the

damned hereafter. You can't do it to save your soul alive, 'cause you hante got nothin' to repent of; you don't see the bloody hand on your white breeches—you hante got *experimental philosophy*."

"Sam," said Mr. Hopewell, who availed himself of a slight pause in the Colonel's "experimental philosophy," to change the conversation; "Sam, these cars run smoother than ours; the fittings, too, are more complete."

"I think them the perfection of travellin'."

"Now, there was Ralph Maxwell, the pirate," continued the Colonel, "that was tried for forty-two murders, one hundred high-sea robberies, and forty ship burn-in's, at New Orleans, condemned and sentenced to be hanged—his hide was bought, on spekilation of the hangman, for two thousand dollars, for razor-straps, bank-note books, ladies' needle-cases, and so on,

Well, he was pardoned jist at the last, and people said he paid a good round 'sum for it; but the hangman kept the money; he said he was ready to deliver his hide, accordin' to barg'in, when he was hanged, and so he was, I do suppose, when he *was* hanged. Well, Ralph was shunned by all fashionable society, in course; no respectable man would let him into his house, unless it was to please the ladies as a sight, and what does Ralph do—why he went about howlin', and yellin', and screamin', like mad, and foamin' at the mouth for three days, and then said he was converted, and took up preachin'. Well, folks said, the greater the sinner the greater the saint, and they folloed him in crowds—every door was open to him, and so was every puss, and the women all went mad arter him, for he was a horrid handsum man, and he took the rag off quite. That man had *experi-*

mental philosophy—that is, arter a fashion. He come down as far as our State, and I went to hear him. Oh! he told such beautiful anecdotes of pirates and starn chases, and sea-fights, and runnin' off with splendoriferous women, and of barrels of gold, and hogsheads of silver, and boxes of diamon's, and bags of pearls, that he most turned the young men's heads—they called him the handsum young convarted pirate. When a man talks about what he knows, I call it *experimental philosophy*. Now, Minister, he warn't a right man you know—he was a villain, and only took to preachin' to make money, and, therefore, instead of frightenin' folks out of their wits, as he would a-done if he'd been frightened himself, and experienced repentance, he allured 'em a'most; he didn't paint the sin of it, he painted the excitement. I seed at once, with half an eye, where the screw was loose, and it proved right—for as soon

as he raised fifty thousand dollars by preachin', he fitted out another pirate vessel, and was sunk fightin' a British man-o'-war; but he might have been a great preacher, if his heart had raelly been in the right place, 'cause his *experimental philosophy* was great; and, by the bye, talkin' of experimental puts me in mind of practical philosophy. Lord! I shall never forget old Captain Polly, of Nantucket; did you ever hear of him, Squire? In course he was a captain of a whaler. He was what he called a *practical* man; he left the science to his officers and only sailed her, and managed things, and so on. He was a mighty droll man, and p'raps as great a pilot as ever you see a'most; but navigation, he didn't know at all; so when the officers had their glasses up at twelve o'clock to take the sun he'd say, 'Boy,'— 'Yes, sir.' 'Hand up my quadrant,' and the boy 'd hand up a large square black

bottle full of gin. 'Bear a-hand you young rascal,' he'd say, or I shall lose the obsarvation,' and he'd take the bottle with both hands, throw his head back, and turn it butt eend up and t'other eend to his mouth, and pretend to be a-lookin' at the sun; and then, arter his breath give out, he'd take it down and say to officer, 'Have you had a good obsarvation to-day?' 'Yes, sir.' 'So have I,' he'd say, a-smackin' of his lips—'a capital one, too.' 'Its twelve o'clock, sir.' 'Very well, make it so.' Lord! no soul could help a-larfin', he did it all so grave and sarious; he called it *practical philosophy*."

"Hullo! what large place is this, Sam?"

"Birmingham, sir."

"How long do we stop?"

"Long enough for refreshment, sir."

"Come, then, let's take an obsarvation out of the black bottle, like Captain Polly. Let's have a turn at Practical

Philosophy; I think we've had enough to-day of *Experimental Philosophy*."

While Mr. Slick and his father were "taking observations," I walked up and down in front of the saloon with Mr. Hopewell. "What a singular character the Colonel is!" he said; "he is one of the oddest compounds I ever knew. He is as brave and as honorable a man as ever lived, and one of the kindest hearted creatures I ever knew. Unfortunately, he is very weak; and having accidentally been at Bunker Hill, has had his head turned, as being an *Attaché* has affected Sam's, only the latter's good sense has enabled him to recover from his folly sooner. I have never been able to make the least impression on that old man. Whenever I speak seriously to him, he swears at me, and says he'll not talk through his nose for me or any Preacher that ever trod shoe leather. He is very profane, and imagines, foolish old man as

he is, that it gives him a military air. That he has ever had any compunctuous visitations, I never knew before to-day, and am glad he has given me that advantage. I think the bloody hand will assist me in reclaiming him yet. He has never known a day's confinement in his life, and has never been humbled by sickness. He is, of course, quite impenetrable. I shall not forget the *bloody hand*—it may, with the blessing of God, be sanctified to his use yet. That is an awful story of the pirate, is it not? What can better exemplify the necessity of an Established Church than the entrance of such wicked men into the Temple of the Lord? Alas! my friend, religion in our country, bereft of the care and protection of the State, and left to the charge of uneducated and often unprincipled men, is, I fear, fast descending into little more than what the poor old Colonel would call, in his thoughtless way '*Experimental Philosophy*.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARTING SCENE.

HAVING accompanied Mr. Slick on board of the "Great Western," and seen every preparation made for the reception and comfort of Mr. Hopewell, we returned to the "Liner's Hotel," and ordered an early dinner. It was a sad and melancholy meal. It was not only the last I should partake of with my American party in England, but in all human probability the last at which we should ever be assembled. After dinner Mr. Slick said, "Squire, you have often given me a good deal of advice, free gratis. Did ever I flare up when you

was walkin' it into me? Did you ever see me get mad now, when you spoke to me?"

"Never," I said.

"Guess not," he replied. "I reckon I've seed too much of the world for that. Now don't you go for to git your back up, if I say a word to you at partin'. You won't be offended will you?"

"Certainly not," I said; "I shall be glad to hear whatever you have to say."

"Well then," said he, "I don't jist altogether like the way you throw away your chances. It aint every colonist has a chance, I can tell you, for you are all out of sight and out of mind, and locked down upon from every suckin' subaltern in a marchin' regiment, that hante got but two idees, one for eatin' and drinkin', and t'other for dressin'

and smokin', up to a parliament man, that sais, 'Nova Scotia—what's that? is it a town in Canady, or in Botany Bay?' Yes, it aint often a colonist gits a chance, I can tell you, and especially such a smart one as you have. Now jist see what you do. When the Whigs was in office, you jist turned to and said you didn't like them nor their principles, that they warn't fit to govern this great nation, and so on. That was by the way of curryin' favour, I guess. Well, when the Consarvatives come in, sais you, they are neither chalk nor cheese, I don't like their *changing their name*; they are leetle better nor the Whigs, but not half so good as the Tories. Capital way of makin' friends this, of them that's able and willin' to sarve you, aint it? Well then, if some out-and-out old Tory boys like yourself, were to come in, I'll bet you a goose

and trimmin's that you'd take the same crotchical course agin. 'Oh!' you'd say, 'I like their principles, but I don't approve of their measures; I respect the party, but not those men in power.' I guess you always will find fault to the eend of the chapter. Why the plague don't you hook on to some party-leader or another, and give 'em a touch of soft sawder; if you don't, take my word for it, you will never be nothin' but a despicable colonist as long as you live. Now use your chances, and don't throw 'em away for nothin'. Bylin' men in power is no way to gain good will, I can tell you."

"My good friend," I said, "you mistake my objects. I assure you I want nothing of those in power. I am an old man, I want neither office in the colony nor promotion out of it. Whatever aspiring hopes I may once have

entertained in my earlier and happier days, they have now ceased to delude me. I have nothing to ask. I neither desire them to redress a grievance, (for I know of none in the Colonies so bad as what we occasion ourselves) nor to confer a favour. I have but a few years to live, and probably they will be long enough for me to survive the popularity of my works. I am more than rewarded for the labour I have spent on my books, by the gratification I derive from the knowledge of the good they have effected. But pray don't misunderstand me. If I had any objects in view, I would never condescend to flatter men in power to obtain it. I know not a more contemptible creature than a party hack."

"You are right sir," said Colonel Slick, "flatterin' men in power is no way to git on; take 'em by the horns and

throw 'em. Dress yourself as an Indgin, and go to the cutter and throw the tea in the harbour as we did, then fortify the hill at night, as we did—wait till you see the whites of the eyes of the British, and give 'em cold lead for breakfast, as we did. That's your sort, old boy," said he, patting me on the back with heavy blows of the palm of his hand, "that's you, my old 'coon,—wait till you see the whites of their eyes."

"Squire," said Mr. Hopewell, "there is one man whose approbation I am most desirous you should have, because if you obtain his, the approbation of the public is sure to follow."

"Whose is that, sir?"

"Your own—respect yourself, and others will respect you. The only man in the world whose esteem is worth having, is one's self. This is the use of conscience

—educate it well—take care that it is so instructed that its judgment is not warped by prejudice, blinded by superstition, nor flattered by self-conceit. Appeal to it, then, in all cases, and you will find its decision infallible. I like the course and the tone you have adopted in your works, and now that you have explained your motives, I like them also. Respect yourself—I recommend moderation to you though, Squire,—ultra views are always bad. *In medio tutissimus ibis* is a maxim founded on great good sense, for the errors of intemperate parties are so nearly alike, that, in proverbial philosophy, extremes are said to meet. Nor is it advisable so to express yourself as to make enemies needlessly. It is not imperative always to declare the truth, because it is not always imperative to speak. The rule is this—Never say what you think, unless

it be absolutely necessary to do so, if you are to give pain ; but on no account ever say what you do not think, either to avoid inflicting pain, to give pleasure, or to effect any object whatever. Truth is sacred. This is a sad parting, Squire ; if it shall please God to spare my life, I shall still hope to see you on your return to Nova Scotia ; if not, accept my thanks and my blessing. But this country, Squire, I shall certainly never see again. It is a great and glorious country,—I love it,—I love its climate, its constitution, and its church. I admire its noble Queen, its venerable peers, its manly and generous people ; I love—”

“ Well, I don’t know,” said the Colonel, “ it is a great country in one sense, but then it aint in another. It might be great so far as riches go, but then in size it aint bigger than New York State arter all. It’s nothin’ a’most on the map. In fact, I

doubt its bein' so rich as some folks brag on. Tell you what, 'wilful waste makes woeful want.' There's a great many lazy, idle, extravagant women here, that's a fact. The Park is chock full of 'em all the time, ridin' and gallavantin' about, tricked out in silks and satins a-doin' of nothin'. Every day in the week can't be Thanksgivin' day, nor Independence day nother. 'All play and no work will soon fetch a noble to ninepence, and make bread timber short,' I know. Some on 'em ought to be kept to home, or else their homes must be bad taken care of. Who the plague looks after their helps when they are off frolickin'? Who does the presarvin', or makes the pies and apple sarce and dough-nuts? Who does the spinnin', and cardin', and bleachin', or mends their husband's shirts or darns their stock-in's? Tell you what, old Eve fell into mischief when she had nothin' to do; and

I guess some o' them flauntin' birds, if they was follered and well watched, would be found a-scratchin' up other folks' gardens sometimes. If I had one on 'em I'd cut her wings and keep her inside her own palin', I know. Every hen ought to be kept within hearin' of her own rooster, for fear of the foxes, that's a fact. Then look at the sarvants in gold lace, and broadcloth as fine as their master's; why they never do nothin', but help make a show. They don't work, and they couldn't if they would, it would sp'ile their clothes so. What on airth would be the valy of a thousand such critturs on a farm?—Lord! I'd like to stick a pitchfork in one o' them rascal's hands, and set him to load an ox cart—what a proper lookin' fool he'd be, wouldn't he? It can't last—it don't stand to reason and common sense. And then, arter all, they hante got no Indgin

corn here, they can't raise it, nor punkin pies, nor quinces, nor silk-worms, nor nothin'. Then as to their farmin'—Lord! only look at five great elephant-lookin' beasts in one plough, with one great lummakin' feller to hold the handle, and another to carry the whip, and a boy to lead, whose boots has more iron on 'em than the horses' hoofs have, all crawlin' as if they was a-goin' to a funeral. What sort of a way is that to do work? It makes me mad to look at 'em. If there is any airthly clumsy fashion of doin' a thing, that's the way they are sure to git here. They are a benighted, obstinate, bull-headed people, the English, that 's a fact, and always was.

“At Bunker Hill, if they had only jist gone round the line of level to the right, instead of chargin' up that steep pitch, they'd a-killed every devil of us, as slick as a whistle. We know'd that at the

time ; and Dr. Warren, that commanded us, sais, 'Boys,' sais he, 'don't throw up entrenchments there, 'cause that's where they ought to come ; but jist take the last place in the world they ought to attack, and there you'll be sure to find 'em, for that's English all over.' Faith ! he was right ; they came jist to the identical spot we wanted 'em to come to, and they got a taste of our breed that day, that didn't sharpen their appetite much, I guess. Cold lead is a supper that aint easy digested, that's a fact.

" Well, at New Orleans, by all accounts, they did jist the same identical thing. They couldn't do anything right, if they was to try. Give me old Slickville yet, I hante seed its ditto here no where.

" And then as for Constitution, what sort of one is that, where O'Connell snaps his finger in their face, and tells 'em,

he don't care a cent for 'em. Its all bunkum, Minister, nothin' but bunkum, Squire," said he, turning to me; "I wont say I aint sorry to part with you, 'cause I am. For a colonist I must say you're a very decent man, but I kinder guess it would have been most as well for Sam if he and you had never met. I don't mean no offence, but he has been idle now a considerable long time, and spent a shockin' sight o' money. I only hope you hante sot him agin work, and made him above his business, that's all. It's great cry and little wool, bein' an Attachy, as they call it. It aint a very profitable business, that's a fact, nor no other trade that costs more nor it comes to. Here's your good health, sir, here's hopin' you may one day dress yourself as an Indgin as I did, go in the night to—"

"Bed," said Mr. Hopewell, rising and

squeezing me kindly by the hand, and with some difficulty giving utterance to his usual valediction, "Farewell, my son." Mr. Slick accompanied me to the door of my room, and as we parted, said, "Squire, put this little cigar case into your pocket. It is made out of the black birch log you and I sot down upon when we baited our hosses arter we fust sot eyes on each other, on the Cumberland road in Nova Scotia. When you smoke, use that case, please; it will remind you of the fust time you saw 'Sam Slick the Clockmaker,' and the last day you ever spent with 'The Attaché.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

GENTLE reader, having taken my leave of Mr. Slick, it is now fit I should take my leave of you. But first, let me entreat you to join with me in the wish that the Attaché may arrive safely at home, and live to enjoy the reputation he has acquired. It would be ungracious, indeed, in me not to express the greatest gratitude to him for the many favours he has conferred upon me, and for the numerous benefits I have incidentally derived from his acquaintance. When he offered his services to accompany me to England, to make me well known to

the public, and to give me numerous introductions to persons of distinction, that as a colonist I could not otherwise obtain, I could scarcely restrain a smile at the complacent self-sufficiency of his benevolence; but I am bound to say that that he has more than fulfilled his promise. In all cases but two he has exceeded his own anticipations of advancing me. He has not procured for me the situation of Governor-General of Canada, which as an ambitious man, it was natural he should desire, whilst as a friend it was equally natural that he should overlook my entire unfitness for the office; nor has he procured for me a peerage, which, as an American, it is surprising he should prize so highly, or as a man of good, sound judgment, and common sense, not perceive to be more likely to cover an humble man, like me, with ridicule than anything else. For both these

disappointments, however, he has one common solution, — English monopoly, English arrogance, and English pride on the one hand, and provincial dependence and colonial helotism on the other.

For myself, I am at a loss to know which to feel most grateful for, that which he has done, or that which he has left undone. To have attained all his objects, where success would have neutralized the effect of all, would, indeed, have been unfortunate; but to succeed in all that was desirable, and to fail only where failure was to be preferred, was the height of good fortune. I am happy to say that on the whole he is no less gratified himself, and that he thinks, at least, I have have been of equal service to him. “It tante every one, Squire,” he would often say, “that’s as lucky as Johnston and me. He had his Boswell, and I have had my Squire; and if you

two hante immortalized both us fellers for ever and a day, it 's a pity, that 's all. Fact is, I have made you known, and you have made me known, and it's some comfort too, aint it, not to be obliged to keep a dog and do your own barkin'. It tante pleasant to be your own trumpeter always, as Kissinkirk, the Prince's bugler found, is it?"

It must not be supposed that I have recorded, like Boswell, all Mr. Slick's conversations. I have selected only such parts as suited my object. Neither the "Clockmaker" nor the "Attaché" were ever designed as books of travels, but to pourtray character—to give practical lessons in morals, and politics—to expose hypocrisy—to uphold the connexion between the parent country and the colonies, to developpe the resources of the province, and to enforce the just claims of my countrymen—to discountenance agitation

—to strengthen the union between Church and State — and to foster and excite a love for our own form of government, and a preference of it over all others. So many objects necessarily required several continuations of the work, and although seven volumes warn me not to trespass too long on the patience of the public, yet many excluded topics make me feel, with regret, that I have been either too diffuse, or too presumptuous. Prolixity was unavoidable from another cause. In order to attain my objects, I found it expedient so to intermingle humour with the several topics, so as to render subjects attractive that in themselves are generally considered as too deep and dry for general reading. All these matters, however, high and difficult as they are to discuss properly, are exhausted and hackneyed enough. But little that is new can now be said upon them. The

only attraction they are susceptible of is the novelty of a new dress. That I have succeeded in rendering them popular by clothing them in the natural language, and illustrating them by the humour of a shrewd and droll man like Mr. Slick, their unprecedented circulation on both sides of the Atlantic, leaves me no room to doubt, while I am daily receiving the most gratifying testimony of the beneficial effects they have produced, and are still producing in the colonies, for whose use they were principally designed. Much as I value the popularity of these works, I value their utility much higher, and of the many benefits that have accrued to myself as the author, and they have been most numerous, none have been so grateful as that of knowing that "they have done good." Under these circumstances I cannot but feel in parting with Mr. Slick that I am separating from a most

serviceable friend, and as the public have so often expressed their approbation of him both as a Clockmaker and an Attaché, I am not without hopes, gentle reader, that this regret is mutual. He has often pressed upon me, and at parting renewed in a most urgent manner, his request that I would not yet lay aside my pen. He was pleased to say it was both a popular and a useful one, and that as the greater part of my life had been spent in a colony, it could not be better employed than in recording "*Provincial Recollections, or Sketches of Colonial Life.*"

In his opinion the harvest is most abundant, and needs only a reaper accustomed to the work, to garner up its riches. I think so too, but am not so confident of my ability to execute the task as he is, and still less certain of having the health or the leisure requisite for it.

I indulge the hope, however, at some future day, of at least making the attempt, and if other avocations permit me to complete it, I shall then, gentle reader, have the pleasure of again inviting your attention to my native land, by presenting you with "Sketches of Colonial Life."

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